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# CALVINIST CONTACT

## DUTCH - CANADIAN CHRISTIAN WEEKLY

KERSTNUMMER 1964


## ZINGEN

Degenen, die Nederland in de oorlogsjaren hebben gekend, kunnen zich de zingende colonnes van Duitse soldaten nog wel herinneren. Ze konden zingen, daar waren zij in getraind. En het klonk ook wel goed. Maar toch . . . er was iets angstigs in. Vooral toen zij Nederland nog maar pas veroverd hadden. Toen waren zij nog krachtig en enthousiast. Toen geloofden zij zelf nog in hetgeen zij zongen: "Und wir fahren gegen Engeland, Engeland!"

De zang van de zonen van het Derde Rijk was angstwekkend. Maar zij is verstomd. Zij was geboren uit de afgoderij van ras, bloed en bodem. Zij had een kleine tijd, maar ze wordt niet meer gehoord. Zij was uit de aarde aards.

* * *

Toen de herders daar in de nabijheid van Bethlehem het zingen van die hemelse legermacht hoorden, waren zij bang. Zij schrokken maar niet even, neen, zij "vreesden". Zij vreesden "met grote vreze". Zij hebben staan trillen op hun benen. Dit betekende wat, want herders in die dagen waren geen schuchtere, timide mensen. Het waren kerels om bang van te worden, in plaats dat zij zelf gauw bang werden.

Dat gezicht van die engelen was ook zo adembenemend. Hoor ze toch zingen! Daar wordt hun maar zo onvoorbereid verteld, dat er weer contact is tussen de hemel en de aarde. Daar wordt hun zo maar toegezongen, dat . . . ja wat? Dat er in de toekomst weer vrede op de aarde wezen zal? Neen, neen, voor die engelen is het al een voldongen feit: Ere zij God, het is er! Hij is er! Ere zij God in de hoge, en vrede beneden! Er is geen schijn van twijfel in die zang van de engelen. Er is in de verste verte geen vergelijking met die Duitse soldaten, die de Nederlandse straten beukten met hun "Wir fahren gegen Engeland". Die schoten tekort, die zongen alleen maar van hetgeen misschien zou gebeuren. Maar in de hemel wordt er over het tijdstip al lang niet meer gesproken. De overwinning IS er! En daar komt een hele legermacht van engelen aanjubelen, om *dit* aan de mensen te vertellen.

Ere zij God, het is er!

De engelen presenteren zich al aan de mensen. De brug tussen hemel en aarde is geopend. Officieel! Vanuit de hemel!

* * *

Is het wonder, dat die stoere mannen daar wel even van stonden te beven? Is zo'n ervaring soms niet angstwekkend? Ja misschien wel, maar die hemelse boodschapper neemt ze die vrees af. "Ga maar naar Bethlehem, mannen, en ga je maar overtuigen. Daar ligt een kind in doeken gewonden. God is écht mens geworden. Zij hebben Hem in doeken gewonden, zoals ze dat met ieder ander kind doen. Zo echt, zo werkelijk is God in je leven, in ons leven, gekomen."

En zij zijn gegaan, en zij hebben het gezien. En toen zij het gezien hadden, toen zijn die mannen óók gaan zingen. Het was nog maar kort geleden, dat zij hadden staan trillen van angst. En hoor ze nu eens! Zij keerden terug "God lovende en prijzende om alles wat zij gehoord en gezien hadden."

En het ene geslacht neemt het lied van het andere geslacht over.

* * *

Er zijn er onder ons voor wie het zingen op dit Kerstfeest moeilijk zal vallen. Want er zijn ons in onze gezinnen en in onze kring mensen ontvallen, die wij zo innig lief hadden en met wie wij zo graag ook dit Kerstfeest hadden willen vieren. Maar God achtte de tijd aangebroken om hen op te nemen in Zijn koor. Want dat lied mag nooit meer verstommen. En het zal ook nooit meer verstommen. Daarom heeft God hen bij Zich gehaald.

Luister maar:

"En zij zingen het lied van Mozes, de knecht Gods, en het lied van het Lam, zeggende:
Groot en wonderbaar zijn Uw werken, Here God, Almachtige; rechtvaardig en waarachtig zijn Uw wegen, Gij, Koning der volkeren! Wie zou niet vrezen, Here, en Uw Naam niet verheerlijken? Immers, Gij alleen zijt heilig. Want alle volken zullen komen en zullen voor U nedervallen in aanbidding, omdat Uw gerichten openbaar zijn geworden" (Openbaring 15).

* * *

Uw gerichten zijn openbaar geworden . . . .

Dat zingen, dat overwinnend zingen van die engelen, en van hen die gekocht zijn door het Lam, is angstwekkend. Het maakt de gerichten openbaar.

"Wie niet gelooft, is reeds veroordeeld, omdat hij niet heeft geloofd in de naam van de eniggeboren Zoon van God."

"Wie in Hem gelooft, wordt niet veroordeeld." Die mag meezingen.

D.F.

***Er waren herders in diezelfde landstreek, die zich ophielden in het veld en des nachts de wacht hielden over hun kudde. En opeens stond een engel des Heren bij hen en de heerlijkheid des Heren omstraalde hen, en zij vreesden met grote vreze.***

***En de engel zeide tot hen: Wees niet bevreesd, want zie, ik verkondig u grote blijdschap, die heel het volk ten deel zal vallen: U is heden de Heiland geboren, namelijk Christus, de Here, in de stad van David. En dit zij u het teken: Gij zult een kind vinden in doeken gewikkeld en liggende in een kribbe.***

***En plotseling was er bij de engel een grote hemelse legermacht, die God loofde, zeggende:***

***Ere zij God in de hoge, en vrede op aarde bij mensen des welbehagens.***

LUCAS 2:8-14

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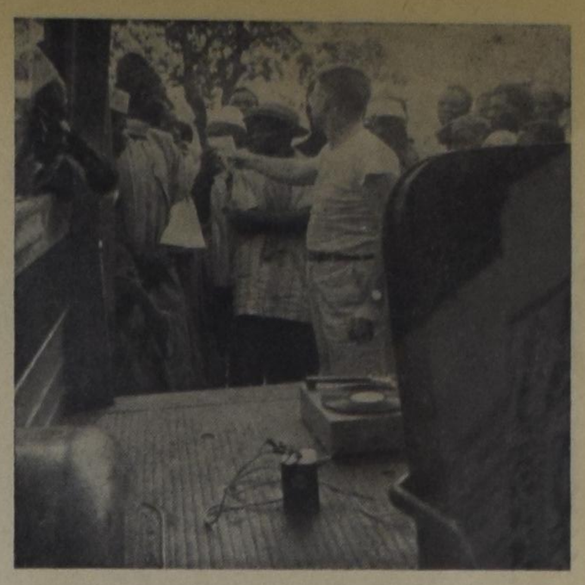
*EEN BRIEF UIT AFRIKA*

# Kerstfeest in Nigeria

door H. Visser

Onze gedachten gaan terug naar de Kerstdagen van 1962. We hadden twee weken vacantie en gingen naar Biaasa, een van onze Zendingsposten, om daar de feestdagen door te brengen met onze vrienden, de fam. Kuik. We verlieten Jos met ons Zendingsvliegtuig. Na anderhalf uur landden we op de airstrip in Biaasa waar men op ons wachtte. Biaasa is een kleine post van een gezin en een verpleegster. De huizen zijn gebouwd op een heuvel vanwaar je het dorp zelf kunt overzien. In de verte zie je de bergen waarachter de Franse Camaroons gelegen zijn. Rondom Biaasa vind je veel jungle en zie je echt iets van het Afrikaanse natuurschoon. Je vindt er geen hoofdwegen, maar zandpaden door de bossen waar je net met je wagen door kunt rijden. Wat een prachtige natuur! Ongeveer 13 jaar geleden werd deze post geopend door de fam. Recker; de fam. Kuik heeft dit werk drie jaar geleden overgenomen. Op het ogenblik is daar een dispensary en een Bijbelschool. Rondom Biaasa vinden we vandaag vele kerken en plaatsen waar men samenkomt. Er worden op meer dan 50 verschillende plaatsen kerkdiensten gehouden elke zondag. We kunnen God prijzen voor de vele vruchten op de arbeid van onze Zendelingen.

Het was de zondag voor Kerst dat Mr. Kuik in een van de kerken moest spreken om de blijde Kerstboodschap te brengen. De plaats waar we naar toe moesten was een dorpje genaamd Asha en maar 15 mijl van Biaasa. Nu is 15 mijl in Canada niets, maar over een pad door de jungle is het wat anders. We gingen eerst met een truck van de Zending zes mijl, en hadden twee bromfietsen achterin. Hierna kwamen we bij een kleine rivier. Twee Nigerians brachten de bromfietsen naar de andere kant en nadat wij onze schoenen en sokken hadden uitgetrokken gingen wij door het water naar de overkant. Toen verder op de bromfietsen over een small hobbelig pad, aan beide kanten kwam het gras boven onze schouders en zo gingen we weer zes mijl verder. Na bijna twee uur kwamen we op de plaats van bestemming aan. De Pastor zat al te wachten bij zijn huis en na en korte rust gingen we naar de plaats van samenkomst, een schoolgebouw. Ik ging maar achterin zitten op een klein muurtje en zag al de mensen binnen komen. Moeders met kinderen, waarvan de kleinsten niets aan hadden, maar ze kwamen om het Woord te horen. Toen ik al die mensen zo eenvoudig zag binnenkomen dacht ik: ja, ook voor hen kwam Hij in de wereld en stierf Hij aan het kruis. Na afloop van de dienst kwamen veel mensen naar ons toe om te praten en te bedanken dat we gekomen waren. Na een half uur gingen we dezelfde weg weer terug, eerst op de bromfiets over het smalle pad, toen door de rivier waarin we heerlijk afkoelden, want de zon was nu op zijn heetst. Thuisgekomen wachtten de vrouwen met het eten. Als besluit van de dag lazen we een preek en hielden we zo onze eigen dienst.



De volgende dag was er markt in het dorp en maakten wij van de gelegenheid gebruik de markt te bezoeken met onze radio en record-player (portable, daar er geen elektriciteit is). We hadden grammofoonplaten met muziek en de blijde boodschap in hun eigen taal. In korte tijd kwamen er veel mensen om te luisteren. We hadden tracts bij ons en gaven deze uit aan ieder die maar lezen kon. Er kwam een heel oud vrouwtje en nadat ze ons verteld had dat ze kon lezen gaven we haar een tract en spoedig hoorden we dat ze een Moslim was. Ons gebed was dat ze door deze tract tot de enige zaligmakende Heiland mocht komen.

De avond voor Kerst was er een dienst in het kerkje te Biaasa waar we met zijn allen naar toe gingen. Voor deze dienst hadden ze ons ook gevraagd om platen voor de gemeente te spelen. Ook hier voelden we de gemeenschap der heiligen. Kerstmorgen werd het Kerstevangelie gebracht in dezelfde kerk.

Na afloop bewezen ze hun waardering door geitenvlees en een kip te brengen. Dit was bedoeld als Kerstgeschenk, voor hen een grote gift, die door ons zeer gewaardeerd werd. Als we dit schrijven en alles weer overdenken moeten we bekennen dat God zo goed voor ons is en dat we deze dingen mogen meemaken en zien. Wij zijn houseparents voor de kinderen van de Zendelingen en daar we met deze kinderen werken komen we weinig met de Nigerianen in aanraking. Wat we er van zien is een grote zegen voor ons, vooral daar God's kerk opgebouwd wordt in dit heidense land, waar het overwegend Moslims zijn.

We hopen en bidden, dat U deze dagen door dit artikel wilt denken aan de Zendelingen in Nigeria of waar ook ter wereld. Kerst is een tijd van vreugde in ons hart. Laten we niet teveel tijd besteden aan de uiterlijke dingen! Hoeveel dollar hebt U besteed aan geschenken deze Kerst? Hebt U er aan gedacht om wat extra's voor Hem te geven? Voor het enorm grote werk dat Hij hier doet in dit land? Hebt U eraan gedacht om onze mensen te gedenken in Uw gebed? Het werk, dat de kerk begonnen is, ruim 30 jaar geleden, is zeer gezegend door Hem, door middel van onze Zendelingen. Het geeft ons hier zoveel sterkte om door te gaan, wetende dat U achter ons staat met Uw gebed en giften. Wilt U daar deze Kerst aan denken?

Wij wensen U allen God's rijke zegen toe voor Kerst en het komende jaar.

Yours in His service,
Mr. and Mrs. H. Visser
and Timmy.

Box 652, Hillcrest School,
Jos, N. Nigeria
W.-Africa.

## DE STER

*sterren — hemel*
*wat ben je mooi —*
*nacht'lijk duister*
*laat zien je tooi —*

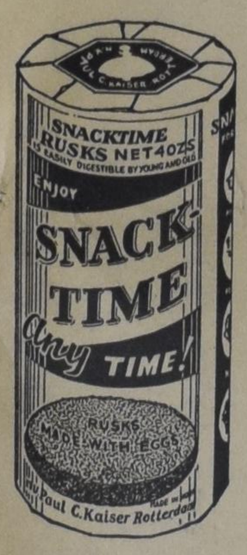
*ieder heeft er*
*zijn eigen baan —*
*fonk'lend boven*
*d' aarde te staan —*

*sterren — hemel*
*wat ben je ver —*
*herinn'ring aan*
*Bethlehem's ster.*

*V.*


**PAULA**

"SNACKTIME" RUSKS

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**TIENDE Canada-Reis, Reissom v.a. f 1.266,—**

**Heen: Rotterdam 26 mei 1965 met de "Rijndam" van de H.A.L.**
**Terug: Montreal 11 september of 5 oktober 1965, eveneens met de "Rijndam".**

Na aankomst in Montreal worden de deelnemers door ervaren reisleiders verder begeleid naar o.a. de volgende plaatsen: Ottawa, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Regina, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Kamloops, Vancouver, Oshawa, Toronto, Woodstock, Chatham, London, Windsor en Michigan (U.S.A.).

**TWEEDE U.S.A.-Reis, Reissom v.a. f 1.221,—**

**Heen: Rotterdam 15 mei 1965 met de "Maasdam" van de H.A.L.**
**Terug: New York 7 september 1965, Boston 8 september 1965 (de terugreis geschiedt eveneens met de "Maasdam".**

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# DE PAUS IN BOMBAY

door Dr. L. Praamsma

De paus heeft een bezoek gebracht aan Bombay.

Hij ging niet naar deze Indische stad, omdat ze gedurende vele jaren het hoofdkwartier is geweest van de voormalige Britse Oost-Indische Compagnie, maar omdat er dit jaar een Eucharistisch congres werd gehouden, een R.K. internationale samenkomst ter ere van de mis, het sacrament van het altaar.

Paulus VI bewees opnieuw volop een kind van zijn tijd te zijn.

De grote mannen van onze tijd bezoeken de wereld van hun tijd.

Khrushchev maakte indertijd een tour door de United States en vertelde de Amerikanen dat hij hen te zijner tijd hoopte te begraven.

De Gaulle maakte dit jaar een reis door Latijns Amerika en vertelde onze Zuiderburen, dat de Franse vlag nog steeds 'la gloire' (de roem) betekent.

De paus bezocht dit jaar Jeruzalem om contacten op te nemen met de oude Grieks-Katholieke Kerk; geruchten melden dat hij overweegt om ook Zuid- en Noord-Amerika te bezoeken; en nu verrichtte hij de krachttoer, want op zijn leeftijd is dat zeker een krachttoer, om een reis te maken naar het hart van India.

Er zijn vele wegen die naar Rome leiden.

Naar het Rome van het tweede Vaticaanse concilie, waarbij de deuren zo wijd als het maar kan geopend worden voor een nieuw contact met het Protestantisme; ook al zien de Protestanten, die weten waarom ze Protesant zijn, nog maar enkele kiertjes.

Naar het Rome van de vele mogelijkheden; want er zijn in Rome veel ongedachte mogelijkheden; en de paus maakt zijn reizen om door de indruk van zijn beminnelijke persoon en door de contacten die hij kan maken die mogelijkheden zoveel mogelijk te verwerkelijken.

Wat zijn die mogelijkheden en wat die contacten?

In de pers verscheen dezer dagen deze headline: Pope asks sages: join unity movement. Die woorden betekenen: de paus vraagt aan de wijzen (der wereld): doe mee in de eenheidsbeweging.

En dan volgde dit bericht: "Paus Paulus ontmoette leiders van oude Oosterse godsdiensten en zei tegen hen dat alle mensen moesten 'beginnen samen te werken in het bouwen van een gemeenschappelijke toekomst voor het menselijk ras'. De nadruk vestigend op nieuwe dimensies in de kijk-naar-buiten van de R.K. Kerk, vroeg de paus aan de wijzen van het Hinduisme, de Islam, het Buddhisme, het Zoroastrisme en andere niet-Christelijke religies: 'Zijn wij niet allen één in deze strijd voor een betere wereld, in deze poging om voor alle mensen die goederen verkrijgbaar te maken die nodig zijn om hun menselijke bestemming te vervullen en een leven te leiden de kinderen Gods waardig? We moeten dichter bij elkaar komen met onze harten, in wederzijds begrip, achting en liefde."

Ik kan op dit ogenblik nog niet nagaan of deze woorden van de paus in de dagbladpers geheel juist zijn geciteerd.

Maar ik heb de sterke indruk, dat ze essentieel wel juist zullen zijn.

Het is niet voor het eerst, dat de Roomse kerk in aanraking komt met het probleem van andere godsdiensten in India, en dat ze op dat probleem een voor ons gevoel zeer bevreemdend en schrikbarend antwoord geeft.

India was één van de eerste zendingsterreinen van de befaamde Roomse order van de Jezuïeten.

Die Jezuïeten hebben hier ook in Canada gewerkt, hun martelaars liggen hier begraven en we kunnen niet ontkennen dat hun grote moed en hun offerbereidheid op ons nog steeds een diep indruk maken.

In India werkte sinds 1541 hun grote leider Xavier.

Met al de energie van zijn hart gaf hij zich aan het werk van de bekering der inlanders, en hij heeft duizenden heidenen voor de Roomse kerk gewonnen.

Maar na verloop van tijd bereikten klachten het Vaticaan.

Klachten die ook uit China kwamen, waar de Jezuïeten ook met hun missie-arbeid begonnen waren. klachten niet van de eersten de besten, want het waren vertegenwoordigers van andere Roomse orden, de Franciscanen en de Dominicanen, die daar ook werkten, en die het met de Zendingsmethoden van de Jezuïeten-broeders lang niet eens waren.

Welke waren die methodes?

Ze kunnen in één woord worden samengvat, dat het woord: accomodatie, d.w.z. dat het evangelie zoveel mogelijk werd aangepast aan de denkwereld van de heidenen.

In India verkleedde de prominente Jezuit De Nobili zich als een Brahman, d.i. als een lid van de hoogste priesterkaste, en verkreeg daardoor toegang onder de Brahmanen, van wie hij verscheidene doopte, en die hij toeliet voort te gaan met hun oude ceremonieën.

En in China werkte pater Ricci, die de Chinezen voor de Roomse kerk trachtte te winnen zonder van hen te vragen een complete breuk met hun Confucianisme.

In 1638 brachten daarom de Dominicanen en de Franciscanen tegen de Jezuïeten in China drie klachten in: in de eerste plaats dat ze hun bekeerlingen toelieten voort te gaan met hun oude gewoonte van verering van hun voorouders; in de tweede plaats dat ze hen toelieten Confucius te vereren; en in de derde plaats dat ze hen toelieten een oude afgod, genaamd Chin-Hoan, die als een bewaarder van orde en vrede werd beschouwd, aan te roepen.

In dit conflict deden de pausen verschillende uitspraken; maar het is kenmerkend voor het Roomse klimaat, dat deze dingen konden gebeuren.

De Duitse geleerde Kruska noemt het probleem van de accomodatie het eersterangs Roomse zendingsprobleem. Hij gewaagt van het teruggedrongen worden van de Europeanen in alle vroegere kolonie-gebieden, en hij vervolgt, dat 'een Chinesering, een Japanisering, een Indisering, een Afrikanisering enz. van het Christendom het gebod van het ogenblik schijnt te zijn.' En dan wijst hij erop, dat deze taak speciaal voor de Roomsen niet zo moeilijk is. Het Roomse denken wordt steeds gekenmerkt door een typisch spreken over natuur en genade. Het is niet zo, dat de zondige natuur van de mens geheel vernieuwd en geheiligd moet worden door Gods genade. Neen, de oude spreuk van Thomas van Aquino is nog steeds van kraiht: "De genade neemt de natuur niet weg, maar maakt haar volmaakt."

Op grond daarvan zijn de Roomsen steeds meesters geweest in de kunst van aanpassing, van accomodatie.

Ze hebben steeds gebruik gemaakt van waarheidskiemen en waarheidskernen in de leer van andere godsdiensten, ze hebben godinnen tot Maria's en goden tot heiligen omgevormd en langs die weg ingang gevonden; maar ook langs die weg de zuiverheid van het Evangelie geschonden en aanleiding gegeven tot het tot stand komen van die half-christelijke gemeenschappen, waarvan we in

Paules VI

Zuid-Amerika het effect voor onze ogen zien.

Daarom zijn de woorden van de paus, gesproken in Bombay, een waarschuwingssignaal.

De weg van de accomodatie is een dodelijke weg.

Er is geen brug van het heidendom naar het Christendom, anders dan die van een radicale bekering.

Ook verscheidene Protestantse Oecumenici mogen zich dit gezegd laten zijn.

In het Nieuw-Protestantisme van onze tijd gaan telkens stemmen op die beweren, dat alle mensen in meerdere of mindere mate in de genade van Christus delen; en dat er ook een zekere mate van Christus-openbaring te vinden is in de godsdiensten der heidenen.

Op die weg zullen we zeker geen stap mogen zetten.

En, wanneer we zien dat Rome haar handen naar ons uitsteekt, zullen we zeker niet mogen vergeten, dat diezelfde handen tegelijkertijd ook hun nodigend gebaar maken naar de wijzen van die godsdiensten, waarvoor nog steeds het gebod van kracht is: 'Gij zult geen andere goden voor mijn aangezicht hebben.'

## Vervulling

*Kerstlicht,*
*Als 't hemels licht*
*Door het donker daagt.*

*Heilgloed*
*Die 't Kind begroet,*
*Dat het zoeken schraagt*
*Naar God,*
*Naar licht . . . en tot*
*De ziel 't juichend draagt.*

*Wilma Jonkheer*

VIER DE KERSTDAGEN IN NEDERLAND

*Is er een betere tijd dan de Kerst om dat lang voorgenomen bezoek eindelijk te maken?*

In die warme, blije dagen zal Uw thuiskomst dubbel gewaardeerd worden. Deel met uw vrienden en kennissen in de rijke vreugde van het Kerstfeest. Bezoek oude vrienden. Boom nog eens gezellig over die "goeie, ouwe tijd".

Gedurende de wintermaanden zal een speciaal laag 21-daags excursie tarief tussen Canada en Nederland * van kracht zijn, — een aanzienlijke besparing op het normale tarief.

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# Ik was een herder...

We hadden een fijne avond gehad. De kinderen, getrouwd en ongetrouwd, waren allemaal thuis geweest, en in de besloten familiekring hadden we de verjaardag van Katrien gevierd. Ze was . . . (uitgegomd door Mrs. Dof) jaar geworden. Trots troonde ze temidden van haar talrijk kroost en liet zich deze avond heerlijk bedienen van koffie-met-slagroom en kerstkrans.

Het was 23 december. Voor het eerst was ook de vriend en, naar we hopen, de toekomstige echtgenoot van onze dochter Tracy (afkorting van Theresa, vertaling van Trijntje, zoals ze oorspronkelijk heette) aanwezig. Frank Braat is zijn naam. Hij is de oudste zoon van het hoofd van onze Christelijke school en hij studeert voor dokter. Frank is een fatsoenlijke en bescheiden jongen. Deze avond was hij eerst wat stil geweest temidden van al die luidruchtige en plagerige Doffen, maar later in de avond was hij losgekomen. Vol trots toonde hij de familie zijn nieuwste aanwinst: een stethoscoop, die hij van zijn spaarzamelijke zakcenten had gekocht. Met ontzag bekeken we het slangachtige geval. Ieder van ons had wel eens dat kille, metalen geval op zijn huid gevoeld. Frank legde ons uit, hoe het werkte, en toen mochten we het allemaal proberen. We mochten allen even luisteren naar onze eigen hartklop. De jubilaresse was eerst aan de beurt. Aandachtig volgde ze het kloppen van haar hart. — Hoe klonk het? riepen de jongsten nieuwsgierig, toen ze zich ontdaan had van de stethoscoop. — Gewoon, sprak hun moeder nuchter, — heel gewoon en regelmatig. Toen was het mijn beurt. Nu, ik wist niet wat ik hoorde! Ik schrok ervan! Ik hoorde een luid gebons: Boe-boem, boe-boem. Het klonk precies als de omfloersde trommels bij een militaire begrafenis. Ik werd er stil van. Het is geen kleinigheid, om te ontdekken, dat een mensenhart klopt op de maat van treurmuziek . . . .

Aan het eind van het feest zongen we, begeleid door orgel, guitar en blokfluit, nog een groot aantal kerstliederen, en toen was het bedtijd.

Wat een fijne avond was dat! merkte Katrien dankbaar op, voordat ze wegzeilde in een diepe slaap. Blij en tevreden sloten we onze ogen . . . .

In die nacht heb ik een van mijn fantastische dromen gehad. Ik maakte het volgende mee:

We zaten met een stel mannen op een eilandje, genaamd Efrata. We waren herders en hielden de wacht over kudden schapen. Niet, dat we dat zo graag deden, maar

## IMMIGRANTEN-MIJMERINGEN

het was nu eenmaal onze job. Het was een heldere nacht, maar tamelijk kil. We zetten onze kragen op en drukten onze hoeden diep in de ogen. Buurman Mol zat naast me te hoesten en te proesten. — Heb je 't weer te pakken? vroeg ik deelnemend. — Ja, bromde hij tussen twee buien door, — mijn bronchitis wordt steeds erger. Ik moest nodig een andere baan hebben, maar vind maar es wat anders op mijn leeftijd. Geërgerd gaf hij een schaap een fikse tik met zijn stok.

Gijs van Leeuwen, de wakkere koster van onze kerk, sprak hartgrondig: — Herder zijn is een rotbaan! Ook hij gaf een schaap een tik.

De stemming op ons eilandje was bepaald niet rooskleurig. Overal zag ik ze zitten en staan en lopen, de broeder-herders of herdersbroeders, en niemand had veel schik. Er werd wel veel gepraat zoals gewoonlijk. Men sneed allerlei problemen aan en begon er vervolgens over te bekvechten. Men had het over kerk en politiek en organisaties en scholen. Iedereen had zijn eigen opinie; ieder probeerde de woordenveldslag te winnen. Het ging steeds luidruchtiger toe. Aan de oostkant van het veld vlogen een paar herders elkaar in de haren. In het midden des velds balden de broeders de vuisten tegen elkaar. Een van de herders begon te declameren: —Ai, ziet, hoe goed, hoe lief'lijk is 't als zonen . . . , maar hij trok er een akelige grijns bij.

Het was een luidruchtige nacht, en een angstige nacht ook. Want op de achtergrond klonk steeds een vreemd en luguber geluid, een dof en heel onregelmatig gedreun. — Het lijkt wel oorlog, merkte Gijs op.

Het geluid kwam me bekend voor, en onwillekeurig moest ik denken aan mijn hart, dat ik gehoord had door de stethoscoop van Frank.

Ik vertelde dit aan buurman Mol. Hij knikte bedachtzaam. — Arie, zei hij, — het is ook een hart, dat je hoort. Het is het grote hart van de wereld . . . .

— Stil, riepen we tot de kijvende broederschap, — moet je es horen!

Maar de meesten discussieerden door en hoorden niets van de hartslag, de bange, onregelmatige hartslag van de wereld.

En toen — ik ben nog nooit van mijn leven zo geschrokken — was het ineens of de bliksem insloeg op ons eilandje Efrata. Verblind hield ik mijn handen voor de ogen . . . .

Opeens stond een engel des Heren bij ons en de heerlijkheid des Heren omstraalde ons, en wij vreesden met grote vrees. En de engel zeide tot ons: Weest niet bevreesd, want zie, ik verkondig u grote blijdschap, die heel het volk zal ten deel vallen: U is heden de Heiland geboren, namelijk Christus, de Here, in de stad van David. En dit zij u het teken: Gij zult een kind vinden in doeken gewikkeld en liggende in een kribbe . . . . En plotseling was er bij de engel een grote hemelse legermacht, die God loofde, zeggende: Ere zij God in den hoge, en vrede op aarde bij mensen des welbehagens . . . .

Toen was het voorbij. Het was weer donker en het was heel stil voor een ogenblik. Alleen was er op de achtergrond nog het bonzen van het wereldhart. Dat klonk nu veel luider, veel gejaagder . . . .

Maar daar braken de tongen los. Alle broeders begonnen tegelijk te praten. Je kon er eerst geen wijs uit worden, maar langzamerhand werd het duidelijk, dat ze allemaal het een en hetzelfde zeiden: — Naar Bethlehem, naar Bethlehem! Er hoefde niet over gestemd te worden, overreden was niet nodig. — Laten we naar Bethlehem gaan om te zien hetgeen geschied is en ons door de Heer is bekend gemaakt!

We zetten de kragen op en hielden de hoeden vast, want het was een frisse nacht en de wind blies ons in het gezicht. Maar die tranen, die we zagen bij elkaar, kwamen die wel van de koude wind?

We zetten de stap erin. In een paar minuten waren we bij de boten, die ons van het eilandje moesten brengen.

Om in Bethlehem te komen en het Kind te zien, moesten we eerst van ons eiland af.

Aan de overkant stond een oude, gele schoolbus. Daar stapten we in met elkaar en binnen twintig minuten waren we in Bethlehem. Het was er doodstil in de nauwe straten. Voordat we het wisten, waren we het plaatsje al door. Daar stonden aan de kant van de weg motels. — Daar kon het wel es wezen, zei ik.

— Stoppen, jongens! riep Gijs van Leeuwen.

We klopten de eigenaar uit bed, die verontwaardigd naar het neonlicht "No vacancies" wees.

Na veel heen en weer praten kwamen we van de man te weten, dat een jong stel 's avonds laat bij hem aangekomen was, toen alle slaapplaatsen reeds bezet waren. Omdat ze er zo moe uitzagen en je wel kon zien dat er met die vrouw wat aan de hand was, had hij ze een paar luchtbedden en slaapzakken geleend en ze ondergebracht in de garage naast het kantoor.

Wij op de garage af! Wat ons dreef, viel niet te zeggen, maar we wisten het: Hier moest het zijn!

Buurman Mol, die altijd in nieuwsgierigheid heeft uitgeblonken, opende voorzichtig de zijdeur van de garage. Er was licht binnen. De buurman stapte voorzichtig verder. We keken over zijn schouders heen en schuivelden achter hem aan naar binnen.

Toen zagen we, dat de garage een tempel was, een woning van de Heer! Bedremmeld namen we hoeden en petten af. Er was een jonge kerel, die ons wenkte. — Ik ben Jozef, zei hij, — daar ligt mijn vrouw Maria met het Kind. Zijn naam is Jezus . . . . Een jonge vrouw, een kind haast nog, lag daar met de moede en toch blijde glimlach van een, die juist moeder werd. En in haar arm lag Jezus.

En we wisten het eensklaps allen met een onverwoestbare zekerheid: Dit is het Kind, waarvan de engel predikte, Christus, de Heer, onze Redder!

En voor we het wisten, deden we iets, waarvoor we ons anders zouden generen als nuchtere calvinisten: we lieten ons voor het bed op de knieën vallen en we baden en we fluisterden halleluja's en we lachten en we schreiden, want we wisten! Amen! Amen!

Op de achtergrond klonk luider en doordringender dan ooit de klop, de onrustige drum van het hart der wereld.

We zijn maar even binnen geweest. Voor we het wisten, stonden we weer in de kille nacht. Toen riep Gijs zomaar in de open lucht: — We zijn gered!

En buurman Mol riep uit: — We zijn gered! En allemaal begonnen we te roepen en te zingen met onze schorre herdersstemmen.

Lichten gingen aan in de motels. Mensen kwamen in nachtgewaad naar buiten. — Bel de politie! schreeuwde er een.

We vertelden die mensen, haperend en stotend, wat er gebeurd was; dat Jezus in de garage lag en dat engelen hadden gepreekt en gezongen.

Sommigen tikten aan hun voorhoofd en liepen hoofdschuddend weer naar binnen. Maar enkelen gingen naar de garage toe en kwamen er weer uit net als wij. — We zijn gered, riepen ze.

We hebben de bus op het parkeerterrein laten staan en zijn lopend Bethlehem ingegaan. Het begon dag te worden. We verlangdan naar de dag, want we wilden mensen zien en getuigen van de Heiland, van Christus, de Heer.

We riepen het vast naar een slaperige agent en naar een vroege melkbezorger: — Je Redder is geboren! Ze keken ons ongelovig aan, en de agent schreef onze namen op, en zei, dat we er wel meer van zouden horen.

We liepen verder en we maakten de straten vol met die ene klank: Jezus, Jezus, Jezus!

Toen hoorde ik een nieuw geluid. Het klonk diep en boeiend en het doortrilde ons. Het klonk als een hartslag, heel regelmatig en heel warm. Het was overal te horen, en allemaal stonden we stil om te zwijgen en te luisteren.

— Wat zou dit zijn? vroeg ik aan Mol.

— Wat je daar hoort, zei de buurman, is het hart van God, dat over de wereld klopt.

Het hart van God . . . .
Toen werd ik wakker.
Het was een vreemde droom.
Het was een goede nacht.

*Arie.*

## KERSTBOMEN

*men ziet z' in soorten, groot en klein,*
*versiert met goud en zilverschijn,*
*waartussen lichtjes branden —*
*het donkergroen spreekt van de jeugd,*
*oud'ren en jong'ren zien verheugd,*
*'t schouwspel in vele landen —*

*we zagen één verheven staan,*
*die ons denken deed verder gaan,*
*als met elkaar verbonden —*
*'t geheel omfloerst met heel fijn wit,*
*bracht in herinnering tot dit:*
*Hij kwam voor onze zonden —*

*kribbe en kruis — zij vormen één,*
*want in die weg kan Hij alleen*
*Verlosser voor ons wezen;*
*dan geeft Hij, na 't scharlakenrood*
*van onze zonden, door Zijn dood,*
*Zijn smett'loos wit na dezen.*

*V.*


*Wij wensen allen Prettige Kerstdagen en een Voorspoedig 1965*

**Peter Zylstra**

**en Familie**

21 Beverley Rd.
Brantford, Ont.

TEXTIEL EN
HOLL. GROCERIES

# Een Boek als Kerstgeschenk

In deze drukke tijd van cadeautjes uitzoeken voor iedereen, die op Uw lijst staat, wil ik U graag een handje helpen. U kent de zegswijze: wanneer je twijfelt, geef dan een boek!

Zullen we beginnen met de man op Uw lijstje? Hij zal stellig geinteresseerd zijn in een werkje over spionage. Bij Kok, Kampen, kwam uit een pocketbook in de bekende Boeket-reeks onder de titel "Spionage in de tweede wereldoorlog", geschreven door Jac. van der Steen. Dit is een onopgesmukte reeks verhalen van spionnen (aan beide zijden van het grote conflict) en hun activiteit onder de neus van de vijand. Een boekje, dat ware feiten geeft, en onze mannen gloeiende oren zal geven.

Als no. 2 hebben we "Vice Versa", ook een uitgave van Kok, schrijver G. H. van Maren. Dit is de geschiedenis van de Haagse adjunctcommies Warner Santpoort, een ambtenaar met een dichtersziel. Ernstig overspannen is hij, omdat hij het tempo van zijn tijd niet kan bijhouden en geen doel meer ziet in zijn eentonig bestaan. Hij trekt er tussen uit als een zwerver en komt in Frankrijk terecht, waar hij een vriend-door-dik-en-dun maakt, Siberische Wallie. (Een kerel, zeg, die Wallie!) In zijn boereneenvoud houdt deze de wacht over de fijne ambtenaar, die onder alle bedrijven — en zonder dat hij het weet — in Den Haag van verduistering verdacht wordt... Dit boek verscheen in een goedkope plastic band. Het zal zijn lezers niet alleen stof tot nadenken geven, maar ook pret bezorgen.

Voor het volgende boek vraag ik Uw bijzondere attentie. Het is getiteld "De dag zal komen", uitgave A. W. Sijthoff, Leiden, schrijfster Agnes Sligh Turnbull, een naam, die onder ons geen aanbeveling meer behoeft. Het geeft een boeiend relaas van de vreugden en ontberingen der pioniers, die rond 1780 West Pennsylvania bewoonbaar maakten. Zo boeiend, dat we er helemaal niet meer aan denken, hoe lang het al geleden is! We leven mee met de kolonist Sam Murray en zijn gezin. Vooral de moeder is een prachtfiguur: wie Martha ontmoet, zal haar nooit meer vergeten. Dit boek kwam in 1942 reeds in het Engels uit onder de titel "The day must dawn", maar ik wil het nu met warmte aanbevelen voor iemand op Uw lijst, die graag zijn lectuur in de moedertaal heeft. De vertaling van Ds. Gabe van Duinen (bijgenaamd "de rooie predikant") is zeer goed. Met waardering denk ik terug aan zijn preken en het was een genot om zijn gespierd-mannelijk Nederlands te lezen, dat zo goed past juist bij dit verhaal. "De dag zal komen" is verkrijgbaar in een luxe linnen band met gouden opdruk. Een fraai geschenk!

Ons vierde boek voert U nog verder terug in de historie, naar de zestiende eeuw. De titel is "Mijn broer, de koning", uitgave Kok, schrijfster Mevr. Gerda Kraan-van den Burg. De roman speelt aan het hof van Henri, koning van Navarre, later van Frankrijk. De hoofdpersoon is zijn invalide zuster Catherine, die door hem misbruikt wordt om zijn politieke plannen uit te voeren. Henri (ja, dat is de man, die cynisch zei, dat "Parijs hem wel een mis waard was") houdt haar jarenlang aan het lijntje met de belofte, dat ze spoedig de man van haar hart zal mogen trouwen. Figuren uit onze (voorheen) vaderlandse geschiedenis, zoals Louise de Coligny en andere hooggeplaatste Hugenoten, worden ten tonele gevoerd. Het begin van het boek is daardoor wat verwarrend, maar al gauw domineert de sympathieke en tragische figuur van Catherine, die haar koning-broer ondanks zijn bedrog trouw blijft. Een geslaagde historische roman, die nu eens niet aan langdradigheid lijdt (128 bladzijden) en verscheen in een keurig linnen band en stofomslag.

De lezer, die zoekt naar een boek voor zijn vrouw of moeder, zou ik willen aanraden: vraagt U eens naar de twee laatste boeken van Nellie van Dijk—Has, uitgegeven door Kok. Over de stijl van deze schrijfster behoef ik niet uit te weiden, want die is onder ons bekend genoeg. (Wie van ons heeft haar "Jeugd steigert" niet gelezen?) Nellie van Dijk—Has bewees, dat ze met haar tijd meeging en schreef achtereenvolgens "Caroline's dochter" en "Gesnoeide rank". Vooral het tweede vond ik boeiend, omdat het in de persoonlijke belevenissen van de doktersdochter Monica Falck een periode omvat van voor de eerste wereldoorlog tot 1947. Ook deze boeken kwamen uit in een linnen band met een aantrekkelijk stofomslag van Han Prins.

Tenslotte — en ook voornamelijk voor de dames — breng ik onder Uw aandacht het derde boek van Cateau Kray — Sijsma, dat pas onlangs bij Kok is verschenen. Het kan apart gelezen worden, maar is het vervolg op "Ik ga de weg" en "Schaduwen op de weg". Beide boeken werden door mij besproken in C.C. en genieten vermoedelijk reeds wijde bekendheid in onze kring. Dit deel is getiteld "Eén weg voor allen" en is zonder twijfel het beste van de drie. Kunstschilder Jaap Verdongen en zijn vrouw Ally hebben nu een druk gezin, vier grote kinderen en elk met de nodige problemen en liefdesverwikkelingen. Nog steeds ben ik van mening, dat Mevr. Kray— Sijsma het "te mooi" en "te christelijk" wil doen, waardoor haar verhaal soms iets onwezenlijks krijgt. In dit deel echter werkt het minder storend en daar ze een vlotte schrijftrant heeft, is "Eén weg voor allen" een familieroman geworden, die door velen met plezier gelezen zal worden.

Dit was het het dan, C.C.-vrienden. Lees prettig en... a merry Christmas!

Tini V.A.

MANNENPRAAT

# Kerstmis 1964

Telkens vieren en herdenken wij weer dit feit en steeds komt weer de vraag naar voren; wat heeft Kerstmis te zeggen voor onze tijd? Heeft het nog wat te zeggen voor de wereld? En voor ieder persoonlijk? Is er in deze wereld nog wel plaats voor Christus? Heeft men nog wel behoefte aan een verlosser?

De machtige mens van onze tijd, die denkt alles zelf te kunnen, die missiles, raketten en satellieten het heelal in kan zenden, die met knoppen en handles zowat de gehele wereld in beweging kan zetten. Zou die machtige mens nog iemand nodig hebben om hem te verlossen?

Maar zoals over de radio en T.V. de waarschuwing komt dat er een tornado op komst is, dan is die zelfde mens bevreesd en neemt zijn voorzorgsmaatregelen.

Diezelfde mens is bevreesd voor radio-actieve fall-out, en er is weinig dat hij er tegen kan doen. En dan staat die machtige mens machteloos en radeloos en in zijn angst probeert hij een schuilplaats te vinden maar hij weet niet of die schuilplaats wel voldoende veilig is.

Maar een veel groter gevaar dan tornado's en fall-outs is de besmetting der zonde, die niet alleen het lichaam maar beide ziel en lichaam verwoest. Dagelijks worden de waarschuwingen de wereld ingezonden die op dat grote gevaar wijzen waarin het mensdom verkeert, ja die veel meer doen, die tevens zeggen hoe men aan het gevaar kan ontkomen. Jezus Christus, Die geboren is in Bethlehem. Hij is de enige toevlucht om aan het gevaar te ontkomen. Hij is, in deze stortvloed der zonde de enige rots des behouds. Maar er schijnt in de wereld geen behoefte te zijn om aan dit vreselijk gevaar te ontkomen. Men beseft niet dat men dan alleen veilig is, dan wanneer men is gezeten in de schuilplaats des Almachtigen.

Maar laten wij met ons verwijt aan de wereld voorzichtig zijn. Is er in ons persoonlijk leven wel genoeg behoefte en plaats voor Christus? Zien wij altijd wel voldoende het gevaar der zonde? Zijn wij niet vaak zo vervuld met onze eigen bezigheden dat er in ons leven maar weinig ruimte overblijft voor Christus? Gaat ons verlangen er wel genoeg naar uit om te ontkomen aan dat vreselijk gevaar der zonde? Laten wij altijd wel voldoende de stralen van Bethlehem nederdalen in ons hart?

Laten wij dan ook nu weer met dit Kerstfeest er bij bepaald worden dat zonder Het Kind van Bethlehem er geen schuilplaats is waar we veilig zijn. Daarom is ieder Kerstfeest voor ons weer een waarschuwing en een troost. Want dan alleen als wij Het Kind aanvaarden als Koning van ons leven, dan behoeven wij niet meer bevreesd te zijn voor de dingen om ons heen. Dan jaagt ons zelfs de dood (wat de straf der zonde is) geen angst meer aan.

Dan kunnen wij zelfs zingen, dat in de duisternis der wereld het licht van Gods Glorie is opgegaan. En dan mag het in de wereld om ons heen kraken en woelen, maar als men komt tot dat schijnsel, dan zal ook de nacht der zonde verdwijnen.

Als wij in dat besef ons Kerstfeest vieren, dan kunnen wij met de Engelen jubelen van God's ere, en dan kunnen wij met de herders nederknielen en de Zone Gods aanbidden.

O, Kind van Bethlehem, wij danken U dat Gij zijt nedergekomen in ons leven, en houdt Gij nu onze handen met kracht omvat, en geef ons Uw geleide op 't smalle pad.

J. Verburg.

Blenheim, Ont.


Wij allen bij

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wensen al onze lezers een
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Het nieuwe jaar klopt reeds aan onze deuren,
De eindstreep van het oude is in 't zicht.
Hetgeen wij deden — en wat wij vergaten —
Is opgeschreven voor het eindgericht.

Hetgeen wij deden, — en wat wij vergaten . . .
(Ach. wij bedoelden het, o God, wel goed)
Maar zonde-zwaar kunt U het niet gebruiken,
Het roept om reiniging in Jezus' bloed.

Mijn God . . .

Nog vóór dit jaar voorbijglijdt in 't verleden
Vergunt U ons te knielen voor Uw Kind.

Nog vóór het eindgericht is aangevangen
Geloven wij. dat U ons weer bemint.

Dit is het wonder van Uw komen in ons leven
— er is geen mensenkind die dit bevat —
Dat U, mijn God, wijl wij nog zondaars waren,
Ons in Uw Zoon reeds zó hebt liefgehad.

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A BRAAKSMA — G. J LOCK

*Wij danken U allen dat U ook in 1964 blijk hebt gegeven onze kwaliteitsartikelen te waarderen.*

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AL ONZE AGENTEN

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EN EEN
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Wij haringen hebben een kort bestaan,
hoogstens zeven jaar en dan is 't met ons gedaan.
Vaak worden we al eerder gevangen in netten
die de vleetloggers 's avonds voor ons uit gaan zetten.
120 Netten per schip is heel normaal,
en blijken voor ons helaas, fataal.
Zo staken wij dit najaar — 't was onder de Engelse wal,
we waren wel met duizenden in getal —
onze koppen door de netten-mazen
om te zien of er wat lekkere plankton viel te grazen.
Maar o wee, we bleven aan onze kieuwen hangen,
konden niet meer terug en zo waren wij gevangen!
Al heel vroeg in de morgen, 't was nog pikkedonker,
met hier en daar wat stergeflonker,
begonnen de vissers de netten te halen
en schudden ons op en neer talloze malen.
Versuft en op apegapen vielen we op' t platte dek
en hapten naar adem met wijd-open bek.
We werden zonder dralen gekaakt, gezouten en gepakt,
zodat onze stemming danig was gezakt.
Nog een dag of wat bleven we zo aan boord.
Toen werd onze rust plotseling verstoord.
't Schip stoomde de haven van IJmuiden binnen
en het ontschepen kon beginnen.
Met trucks werden wij naar Katwijk getoerd
en naar de veilingplaats vervoerd.
Daar werden wij, al onze kantjes, de hele last,
door aanstaande kopers bekeken en betast.
Onze reder echter verkocht ons niet.
Hij hield ons zelf voor verscheping naar C. Parlevliet.
't Was een hele eer dat wij daarvoor werden uitgezocht,
daar Parlevliet nooit anders dan de allerbeste haring kocht.
In de pakschuren kwamen we uit de tonnen
en nu werd er met het snijwerk begonnen.
We werden onthoofd en van onze ingewanden ontdaan
en als kippen zonder kop in een zuurbad gedaan.
Van schrik krompen wij wel twintig procent,
want zo'n zuur-zout bad zijn wij niet gewend.
We gingen met duizend gelijk in een vat;
het deksel kwam er op en dat was dat.
Een oceaanstomer nam ons mee
en bracht ons over een verre zee
naar Canada, 't land der emigranten, toe,
waar Parlevliet om ons zat te springen en hoe!
" 'n Prima kwaliteit, niet te dun en niet te dik!"
sprak Parleviiet met een kennersblik.
Zorgvuldig begon hij azijn te maken
gemengd met kruiden en nog andere zaken.
Ondertussen werden wij met wat uien in potten gelegd,
heel behendig en keurig recht.
De geurige azijn werd over ons uitgegoten;
toen ging het deksel erop en waren wij weer opgesloten.
Een etiket met "Seagull Brand" — want dat is onze erenaam,
werd tenslotte nog op de potten gedaan.
Op deze manier worden wij verstuurd naar Oost en West
en 'k moet eerlijk zeggen: We smaken best!
Een ieder die ons één keer eet,
heeft gelijk de smaak van ons goed beet.
En ook voor kinderen — vooral in wintertijd —
zijn wij HET voedsel bij uitnemendheid.
Want wij zijn rijk aan vitaminen en mineralen
en heilzaam voor talloze kwalen.
We behoren tot het gezondste voedsel dat er is
En daarom koopt elke lekkerbek ons gewis.
En hebt U liever geen hele haring, dan nog geen malaise,
want we zijn ook verkrijgbaar in mayonnaise,
als salads, lunchcuts, snacks en in 't zout,
het ligt er maar aan waar U van houdt!

En nu de moraal van dit verhaal?
EET NU HARING ALLEMAAL!!!
En de beste haring die men ziet,
is die van C. PARLEVLIET!!!

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Thankful and happy we wish to announce that God has entrusted into our care

ANNA BERNICE

and her brother

WILLEAM ERNST

Ernie & Henry Feddema.

December 4, 1964.

R.R. # 2, Kerwood, Ont.

---

It is with gratitude to our covenant God and Father that we wish to announce the birth of our daughter and sister

SALLY CATHERINE

Rev. and Mrs. A. A. VanGeest.

James Edward.

December 5, 1964.

Box 448, Blenheim, Ontario.

---

We are very thankful to our Lord and Saviour that He, on the 7th of December, 1964, has entrusted to our care another daughter, which we call

SARINA LEONA

Dorothy & John Vander Wal.

A little sister to Eleanor, John, Gwendolyn, Barbara and Sylvia.

Camlachie, Ont.

---

Engaged:

MARJORIE BAKKER

and

HERMAN VANDER BORGH

Montgomery, New York.

Ailse Craig, Ont.

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Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Dykxhoorn, R.R. 1, Ostrander, Ontario announce the engagement of their daughter

MARGARET

to

HERMAN J. BREMER

son of Mrs. M. Bremer and the late Mr. Bremer, R.R. 1 Aylmer, Ontario, on December 26, 1964.

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PETER HEIDA

and

EVELYN DATEMA

wish to announce their forthcoming marriage which will take place December 18, 1964 in the Chr. Ref. Church of Ingersoll.

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On Thursday, December 24, 1964 the Lord willing, our parents and grandparents

ALBERT MULDER

and

WILMA MULDER—VAN HUNESTIJN

hope to celebrate their 40th wedding anniversary.

We pray that the Lord will spare them for each other and for us for many more years.

Their thankful children:
Mr. & Mrs. F. Van Wijk (Nederland).
Mr. & Mrs. B. Pater.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Mulder (Nederland).
Mr. & Mrs. F. Hiemstra.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Jansen.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Ebbers.
Mr. & Mrs. J. Claessen.
Mr. & Mrs. F. Vander Wilp.
Pepy.
Beverley.
and 29 grandchildren.

R.R. # 1, Odessa, Ont.

There will be a reception on December 24th at 7.30 p.m. at 312 Kingscourt St., Kingston. All well-wishers are invited.

---

Wij ontvingen het droevig bericht uit Aalten (Nederland) van het overlijden van onze geliefde Vader en Grootvader

D. H. LAMMERS,

op de leeftijd van 70 jaar.

Het leven was hem Christus en het sterven gewin.

Beamsville:
Arie en Gerda Lammers.
St. Catharines:
Geert en Jannie Lammers.
St. Catharines:
Wim en Jo Lammers.
Hamilton:
Jan en Siny Prinzen.
En kleinkinderen.

11 december 1964.

---

Tijdens onze vergadering nam God plotseling uit ons midden weg onze beste vriend en geacht lid

JOHAN DEKKER,

op de leeftijd van 49 jaar.

"Nochtans zal ik bestendig bij U zijn, Gij hebt mijn rechterhand gevat; Gij zult mij leiden door Uw raad, en daarna mij in heerlijkheid opnemen."

Ps. 73:23-24.

Dat de Here de diepbedroefde familie moge troosten en sterken.

De Mannenvereniging der Chr. Ref. Church te Alliston, Ont.

Alliston, 9 december 1964.

---

Aan alle vrienden en bekenden en lezers van dit blad een gelukkig Kerstfeest en gezegend Nieuwjaar toegewenst door

BERT VAN DYK and family.

Shamrock Store.
St. Davids, Ont.

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Wanted:

SINGLE MAN

on dairy farm in British Columbia. Contact Mr. Jan Bouma, Box 64, Trail, B.C.

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Wanted:

MARRIED MAN

with small family for dairy farm with milking parlour. Experience necessary. Modern separate house with furnace & bath. Good wages. Donald Paton, R.R. 1, Mt. Elgin. Phone Ingersoll 485-1126.

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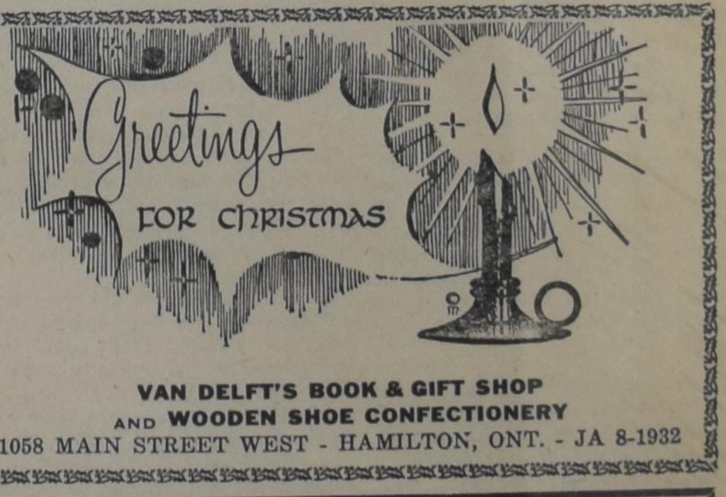


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**ALS NIETS BAATTE**

doen onze kruiden vaak wonderen. Wat U ook mankeert en wat U ook al hebt geprobeerd, meldt ons Uw ziekte en klachten, opdat wij U een onschad. mengsel zenden, waarmee wij reeds 37 jaren succes op succes oogsten. Desgewenst blanco verpakking. Broch. en inl. gratis. Attesten liggen ter inzage!

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and we hope that the New Year will bring you much happiness and success.

**Mac. Vanderhout**

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**WIJ ZIJN *NIET* DE GROOTSTEN**
**WIJ ZIJN *NIET* DE OUDSTEN**

Daarom ziet U ons altijd zo druk in de weer om het al onze klanten naar de zin te maken. Wij staan altijd klaar. Dag en nacht. Wij hebben de laatste informatie. Wij verzorgen Uw reis, IEDERE REIS, zodanig, dat U graag weer bij ons terug komt. Volgend jaar. Of het jaar daarna.
Weet U waarom?
Omdat wij ons voorgenomen hebben de grootsten te worden.
En de oudsten.
Daarom kunnen wij ons niet veroorloven het op ons gemak te doen.
Wij nemen graag uw reiszorgen over . . . Want DIT is onze business: U onbezorgd laten reizen.

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*Gezegend Kerstfeest*

en een

*Gelukkig Nieuwjaar*

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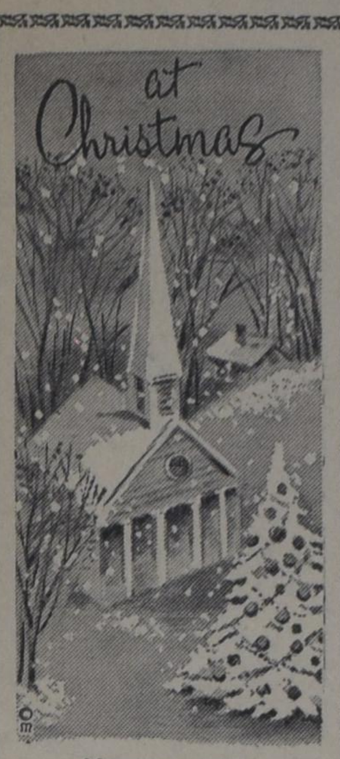
## *Mededeling aan onze Abonnees*

Zoals gebruikelijk zullen wij ook dit jaar de nummers van 25 december 1964 en 1 jannari 1965 combineren.

In dit gecombineerde nummer zullen wij tevens een begin maken met een nieuw feuilleton, zowel in het Nederlandse als in het Engelse gedeelte van ons blad. In het Nederlands komt het boek van Mevrouw M. Van Nuis—Zuidema, getiteld "Ik wil geen kind per luchtpost" als feuilleton uit, terwijl in ons Engelse deel het boek van Grace Irwin, "Servants of Slaves" (een biografische novel van John Newton) als vervolgverhaal zal worden opgenomen.

REDACTIE.


May you enjoy a truly Merry Christmas.

☆

THE STAFF OF

**Wilbe's Old Mill**

AND

**Wilbe's Sales**

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GERALD DEN BOK

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# Kerknieuws

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**Bedankt**

voor Newmarket, Ont., G. J. Hoytema te York, Ont.

voor Saskatoon, Sask., R. Groeneboer te Vancouver, B.C.

**Aangenomen**

naar Telkwa, B.C., C. Tuininga te Ladner, B.C.

naar Lucknow, Ont., D. J. M. Lieverdink te Fredericton, N.B.

---

**NAAR ORGANISATIE VAN EEN NIEUWE GEMEENTE**

Gezien de groei der gemeente Chatham, Ont. werden reeds geruime tijd pogingen aangewend om een tweede gemeente te stichten. Op een gemeentevergadering in november kwam de kerkeraad met een voorstel om voorlopig vier diensten te houden, doch dit voorstel kon geen genade vinden onder de leden. Op deze vergadering werd een voorstel gedaan om alsnog een lijst te laten circuleren voor hen die gewillig waren zich bij een tweede gemeente te voegen. Ter vergadering werden 35 handtekeningen verzameld, welk aantal inmiddels reeds rees tot 59. De kerkeraad besloot in haar laatste vergadering om vanaf 6 december aparte diensten te beleggen in de Masonic Hall en het plan is om op de eerstvolgende vergadering der classis Chatham instituering aan te vragen. Een bijzonderheid is wel dat van de kerkeraadsleden elf mee gaan naar de nieuwe gemeente, zeven ouderlingen en vier diakenen. De nieuw te stichten gemeente zal geheel Engels sprekend zijn. Het plan is wel om zo spoedig mogelijk na de instituering te komen tot het beroepen van een eigen predikant.

---

**GEREFORMEERDE KERKEN IN NEDERLAND (VRIJGEMAAKT) BEREID TOT CONTACT MET CHRISTIAN REF. CHURCH**

In het dagblad "Trouw" van 20 november j.l. lazen wij onderstaand bericnt:

De generale synode van de vrijgemaakte gereformeerde kerken heeft donderdagmiddag in Rotterdam weer een begin gemaakt met de normale werkzaamheden. In de 's avonds voortgezette plenaire zitting is onder meer behandeld het rapport inzake correspondentie met de buitenlandse kerken.

Besloten is positief te reageren op een verzoek van het comité voor oecumenische en interkerkelijke samenwerking der Christian Reformed Churches in de Verenigde Staten om de verbroken correspondentie opnieuw te openen. Deputaten is opgedragen zich met dit comité in verbinding te stellen. Getracht zal worden aan elkaar wederzijds de gewenste inlichtingen te verstrekken, waarbij er echter op zal worden gewezen dat de 'correspondentie van deze kerk met de gebonden kerken in Nederland op schriftuurlijke gronden een onoverkomelijke hindernis vormt.'

Een *Scotia*BANK Lening heeft dat allemaal mogelijk gemaakt!

Vele Canadezen hebben hun eigen zaken en U kunt dat ook hebben.

Helpt Uzelf stevig in het zadel door Uw plannen met de Directeur van een naburige Scotiabank te bespreken. Hij is de juiste man om te leren kennen. Hij heeft vele kleine zaken helpen opzetten en hij kan ook U helpen. Heeft U moeilijkheden met uitbreiding? Bespreekt het dan met Uw Scotiabank Directeur. Breng hem op de hoogte van Uw behoeften. Hij zal met genoegen financieringsplannen bespreken die U kunnen helpen om te groeien.

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# CHRISTUS IN ONS

Wij hebben vaak het Kerstfeest mogen vieren,
Al eeuwen lang is het verhaal verteld.
Hoe kunnen wij er nog iets nieuws in brengen?
't Is alles in details al uitgespeld.

Och neen, wij kunnen niet, wij kunnen nimmer
Het nieuwe brengen in dat, wat Gód gaf.
Echt Kerstfeest is geen vinding van de mensen,
Het is God's redding van ons leven uit het graf.

Wij bidden voor onszelf en voor elkander,
Dat God toch inhoud aan ons Kerstfeest geeft.
Dat in ons werk, in streven en begeren,
Niet wij, maar hij, de Christus, in ons leeft.


Met goede wensen voor een gezegend Kerstfeest en een voorspoedig Nieuwjaar aangeboden door

*Directie en Personeel van*

**HOLLANDIA BAKERIES LTD.**

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# CHRISTIAN COURIER

A SUPPLEMENT TO CALVINIST-CONTACT

**Editors:** Dr. P. Y. DeJong, Rev. F. Guillaume, (Mrs.) Bernice Schrotenboer, (Mrs.) Ineke Parlevliet.

**Managing Editor:** D. Farenhorst.

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# The Cradle and the Cross

## *Impressions by the Woodcuts*

### OF CHRISTOFFEL OVERVOORDE

Upon first looking at the woodcuts on the advent theme, engraved by artist Christoffel Overvoorde, many may find themselves in unusual company.

Some may turn away from the prints for fear of the unknown. Others may not catch the images presented. They, too, may tend to withdraw. I suppose most of us have some difficulty accepting symbols we are not used to seeing. Our curiosity and our desire to get acquainted with what the artist is conveying, keeps us around. With you who stay with them I would like to share some reactions to the woodcuts. The one thing we have in common is that this writer, too, is largely unfamiliar with this form of art.

**Black and White**

Let us observe first that the black and white before us tends to reduce the images on the woodcut to their essence. Most things we see around us do not appear that way most of the time. They are presented primarily in color, so that as a result we think in colors.

It may have happened to you, as it did to me, that you were looking at the woodcuts too closely. Held at a distance, the images become more distinct and begin to make more sense.

From time to time things in nature as well as in culture change appearances. Change occurs, for instance, when twilight filters the colors from our vision, so that only dim contours remain. Sometimes the change is real. It is real when autumn like an Indian blanket covers fields and woods. The intensity and splendor of color invites us to go out and read that majestic book of nature.

Another change takes place when foliage falls. Dark profiles of single trees reveal a beauty peculiar to them. Such beauty we oftentimes overlook. With this background, it seems to me, we must go back to the woodcut and look at it once more. Christoffel's woodcuts seem to call us back to look over the beauty that we've overlooked before.

**Realism and Mysticism**

A second obstacle, it occurs to me, is our inability to appreciate images that are not exactly like the things we see around us. Most people are invulnerable realists. They are true to life so that they are — to a greater or lesser degree — slow to accept created images. They are familiar with what is apparent around and within them. Their familiarity gives them not only some measure of security, but it also breeds their contempt.

What is said of the realist can often be said of us. In standing too close to a mirror, for instance, we notice little irregularities in our features. We see ourselves as we are and not as we think of ourselves most of the time. Our self-concept touches our physical appearance as well as our inner self. We turn our attention to what is inside of us because we entertain hopes to find beauty within. A close search of the inner self results, however, in a similar awakening. Inner beauty, too, looses its splendor when watched closely and frequently.

Why? In the mirror of self-appraisal we have screened out color and appearance. What remains is a skeleton of the image we have of ourselves. It is like an X-ray film that lays bare essence without body and form without beauty.

In our trueness to life we also have acquired a sense of suspicion for the mystical. We sharpen our spiritual arrows at the very sound of the word. Our theologically molded consciences set out guards

(Continued on page 10)

1.

2.

WOODCUTS BY
CHRISTOFFEL OVERVOORDE

*1. Zacharias in the Temple.*

*2. The announcement to Mary.*

*3. Mary's visit to Elizabeth.*

*4. An angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream.*

*5. . . . There was no room for them in the Inn.*

*6. The night of birth.*

3.

4.

5.

6.

## Impressions

(Continued from page 9)

for such intuitive, transmissive religious experiences as we call mysticism.

Our apprehension seems to stem from our fear of a reliance on spiritual experiences. We do not trust intuitive communion with the supernatural. The mystique embarasses us. The mysterious encounter fails to give us assurance. We cannot depend on truth perceived by the sensitiveness of the soul. We feel safer with the Word. Let its light be our guide, so we say.

Our familiarity with the Word has, nevertheless, bred contempt for some of the truths contained in that Word. We have trained our eyes to look for what seems real and plain in the Word. We have not yet learned to sense the hidden truths of the Word as they are revealed by the Spirit.

The Spirit unveils a Life that surpasses all other life. The Spirit discloses the excellence of life in Jesus Christ. The Spirit opens the eye of faith to the truth that all things are created by Him — the obviously realistic as well as the apparently mystical things.

**Mysticism and Art**

For that reason I believe that mysticism must be re-interpreted for us. It must be interpreted anew in the realm of art. On the one hand we must keep our theological wrath on guard against reliance on the religious experience. On the other hand a new appreciation of the term must open our eyes to the silent stream of experience that flows through the riverbanks of our being. That silent stream is the mystical experience brought about by creations of men of talent. These men have a God-given talent to give of self and soul a moment, an experience, a soul-moving emotion.

Such mystical experiences are not theological. They are clearly not logical. They are experiences of the sensitive soul. The watchful eye can see them. The sentient soul feels them. In yearning for beauty one can reach for them. The uplifted heart can know them. Our struggle with the unattainable is contained in this mysticism. Our trials in the experiences of life are caught up in it. Our song, our moan, our melody, sound from it.

It is the vision of the artist that creates such an experience. Visions serve as beacons to illuminate the shore. They are human creations inviting us to come and worship. They beckon us to adore Christ as the true Light. Such visions must, therefore, not be seen as reliable guides to redemption. For that purpose God gave his Word and his Son. The purpose of the vision is not to replace or explain the Word. It is to share a feeling and a response to that Word. The calling of the artist lies not in the field of exegesis or homeletics. His is the task to offer an experience that is primarily emotional and aesthetic in nature.

**The Great Mystery**

Theology cannot explain the incarnation of Jesus Christ satisfactorily. It was not something out of the ordinary that God came to meet man at his lowest level. The riddle of the extra-ordinary draws a curtain to our vision. The great mystery of the incarnation remains. We can marvel at it. We can struggle with it. We can meditate upon it. We can sense its presence, but we cannot understand it.

The problem of the theologian is shared by us all. It is shared more profoundly by the artist whose charge it is to continually provide the symbols and images that make his language universal.

The artist had a vision. He wrestled with it. He was perplexed by the mystery. He could not find words to say it. He could not come upon a tone to carry it forth. He had captured something of the sacred sense of God become man.

Some moment of the coming of the Lord is portrayed in each woodcut. The realm of God and the realm of man come together in one clashing scene each time. Drawn in black and white one may perceive the force of earth over-against the force of heaven. Each moment tells something about the material and the spiritual, the natural and the supernatural.

The meeting point of God and man is found only in Jesus Christ. In Him the powers of heaven and earth are personified. Imagine a line let down from the highest heaven meeting a line in the horizontal plane of man. It forms a cross at the meeting point. The curse of sin and the victory of Christ are symbolized in that cross.

"Golgotha begins at Bethlehem," the poet says. The sacred moment in which God meets man in the fulness of time falls in a filthy stable. The Redeemer sets his first step on the road of suffering. The fulness of time is the holy, pregnant moment when the last grain of sand passes through the neck of the time glass. The time of God's promise is up. His time of fulfilment is now. A life is given to be offered as a ransom for many. God in Christ has come at last.

How shall we receive Him? With praying hands that rise like cathedrals in adoration. With eyes squinting at the majesty that radiates from His being. With heads that are bowed and souls that are silent. With a moment of silence within.

Then, shouting for joy, singing a new song of salvation, let us return to our daily task.

Cor. W. Barendrecht.

## THE LITTLE CHAMBER ON THE WALL

If we are really hospitable we give our guest not only what he needs, but we go out of our way to make him comfortable. An example of a truly hospitable woman is found in II Kings 4. In verse eight we read that "a great woman from Shunem" constrained, this is, she urged, Elisha to come in and eat. And not only that, she invited him to stop in whenever he passed the town; we read that Elisha "as often as he passed by" did go to the woman's house.

Let us not think that the woman of Shunem invited Elisha for the sake of receiving honor from others. In Elisha's day there were many prophets, and not all of them were godly men. But, as time passes by, the woman learns to know Elisha better, and one day she suggests to her husband that they build a little room, especially for the prophet. "For," she says, "I perceive that this is a holy man of God." The woman has watched and listened, and now she is ready to go the extra mile, to go out of her way in order to help the prophet. She has already given him the freedom to share her home, now Elisha is given a place for himself, where he may sleep not only, but meditate, pray, and perhaps write, in privacy.

In the New Testament we meet another woman who urges men of God to stay at her house. This woman was Lydia. Among us that name is well-known; the fact that many of our women's societies are named after this woman shows that we, too, would like to be Lydia. This woman goes so far as to say, "If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and stay there." This, for her too, was one of the ways in which she showed her Christian love. She was truly hospitable, giving generously of what she possessed.

To be hospitable is not always easy. When we, as mothers, have an especially busy time, a guest can be just a little too much for us. When we cannot give our children as much as we'd like to give them, and then are asked to give of our own goods to strangers (who still may be brothers and sisters in Christ!), it can be a struggle for us. Still, we usually enjoy having guests, when we have chosen and invited them. However, there are times when we have to open our houses to others not because we feel the need to receive them, but because they need to be received. And when we have our own family with its problems as well as its joys, we are not always ready to receive others kindly. It is possible to take others into our homes, to feed them and help them in other ways, and yet not be hospitable. True hospitability means a warm smile, a thoughtful gesture. In order to be hospitable, then, to be kind and generous, we have to open our hearts as well as our homes.

Lydia worshipped God, she served Him, and found that one way in which she could prove herself was to show hospitality for the sake of the Kingdom of God. The woman of Shunem, when she understood Elisha to be a true servant of God, looked for service, and discovered a manner in which to show her loyalty. We do not have to look for or long if we wish to practice our Christianity. At times it can be taxing, but it always is a satisfying experience to be hospitable, to go out of our way to make others comfortable. We have so much to offer through Christ our Saviour. It was He Who said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only . . . shall in no wise lose his reward."

Anne C. Kwantes

## THE WORLD AROUND US

By John Vriesinga

# THE DISTURBED CONGO

Looking at the world around us is probably not our favourite pastime on Christmas, as in this festive season we're more inclined to bask in the warmth and comfort of home and family.

The sentiment is universal: in our days the newspapers even report on Christmas celebrations in Russia, where the idea of "peace on earth" is just as welcome as anywhere else.

On Monday December 7 the newspaper headlines told us that Gromyko, in a United Nations speech, has pressed for further disarmament talks, asserting that Russia is serious about pursuing peace in a peaceful manner. At the same time, reports from both Moskou and Peking indicate that the feud between Russians and Chinese is warming up again after a slight period of cooling off with the ouster of Khrushchev.

To the Western world this is good news indeed, that'll probably not be lost on the millions celebrating Christmas.

There are, of course, some reservations to be made. First of all, we still have no inkling how strong the position of the new Russian leaders really is. And yet it doesn't appear to be anchored too solidly, and another upheaval is still a strong possibility.

But even apart from those speculations, the peace overtures of Moskou have a sour taste, coming as they did on the heels of vehement declarations of Russian solidarity with the Congolese rebels, who killed thousands of innocent people in a number of barbaric massacres.

That story is as fitting as any for our Christmas meditations, so let's have a closer look.

The (formerly Belgian) Congo was given independence in 1960 and it's struggle to attain some form of political balance has made world headlines ever since. From all reports it would seem that the Belgian colonial policy in the past has done little to prepare the 14 million Congolese for self-government.

From our history with Indonesia, as also from the history of British India, we know that the transition of colony to nation is a very difficult one bringing bloodshed and chaos in it's wake as opposing factions struggle for power.

In the Congo this situation was aggravated by the fact that the Congolese, by and large, still live so close to savagedom, when only the thinnest crust of intellectual veneer.

The first man to hold power was Patricia Lumumba; possibly we remember his name from the headlines a few years ago. If you were to visit Moskou today you would find on one of its streets a university, named after this African Chief and dedicated to the education of young African intellectuals, and of course to their indoctrination with communist ideas. Knowing this, it isn't hard to guess Lumumba's political sympathies. With the help of Moskou he intended to make the Congo the first all communist nation in Africa.

The reason hat he didn't succeed lies in the fact that he was murdered by henchmen of Moise Tshombe, the present leader of the new country.

Such is the nature of the Congo that political murder is one of it's lesser evils. The real problem may perhaps best be illustrated by the story of the rebel-officer, who during the recent fighting seized an obnoxious enemy, split his stomach open and ate his victim's liver and kidney's raw while the man was still living, or perhaps we should say, still dying.

Tshombe's reign lasted longer than Lumumba's only because by the time he came to power the United Nations had stepped into the picture with a peace-keeping force that was aimed at stabilizing the situation long enough for a free government to organize itself. Tshombe felt that his best chances lay with the western world and committed himself against communism.

Small wonder that Russia did not applaud this development. Khrushchev even refused to contribute to the United Nations expenses accruing from the Congo action. For a while this side-issue threatened the very existence of the United Nations, when the U.S. kept pressing for some five million dollars in back pay, with the spectre of Article 19 of the United Nations Constitution as weapon. This article states that any member of the U.N. will lose it's vote upon default of payment lasting more than two years. The U.S. hoped to pressure the new Russian leaders into paying, partly because five million dollars is five million dollars, and partly because payment by B. & K. would have been a signal victory for the U.S. which would not have been lost on the 34 other new African nations. But Brezhnev and Kosygin did not budge one inch. They knew that the sympathy of Africa for communism was at stake, and they also knew that the nations of the world wouldn't allow Russia to loose its vote. Just recently a solution to this problem has been found with the establishment of a special fund, to which the Russians are willing to contribute.

The U.N. peace-keeping force, which had subdued the rebels, was withdrawn in the beginning of this year. Almost as soon as the last soldier had turned his back the rebels returned. By now the feud between Mao Tse Tung and Khrushchev was reaching boiling temperature and China sort of took the Congolese situation in hand, supplying the rebels with weapons and with advice, based on their own experience, on how to deal with "the enemies of the people".

Tshombe was still unable to face such a situation. He lacked an army, but even worse he lacked able personnel to create order in the chaos and organize some kind of stable government.

To overcome this he engaged many Belgians who knew the Congo as civil servants and also recruited an army of white "mercenaries" or "professional" soldiers. Many of these "mercenaries" are, just as the hired soldiers of Europe's middle ages, out for adventure and plunder, but most of them undertook to fight for Tshombe out of a genuine conviction.

These mercenaries proved a strong force against the rebels, who by the end of August had conquered huge area's, including Stanleyville, the city which had served as rebel-capital before the days of the U.N. peace-keeping force. So rapid had been their advance that many white people, civil servants as well as missionaries, were marooned and taken hostage.

The enforced marches of the mercenaries in this territory were very victorious. The only trouble was that there weren't enough of them to leave an occupational force behind, with the result that the rebels recaptured terrain just as fast as they lost it.

You must remember that the Chinese supplied the mastermind behind the rebellion. On their advice the rebels ruthlessly eliminated everyone who opposed them or aligned themselves in some way with the hated Americans. That is why they killed an estimated 100.000 of their country-men. You must remember also that they were no more than illiterate savages. To them American was synonym with white and a white person was someone to bekilled.

Their leader, again on Chinese instigation, tried to use the thousands of hostages as a lever to get the advantage. He demanded that the mercenaries be withdrawn forthwith, or the lives of the hostages could not be guaranteed.

This declaration was the signal for the Belgian para troopers who, for some time had been chafing on British Ascension Island to rescue their fellow country men. With America's blessing they made a number of swift farays, succeeded in liberating thousands of hostages, but could not prevent that hundreds were brutally murdered.

The action raised a storm of protest in the Communist camp. The Russians, not wanting to concede Africa to the Chinese, allowed (or organized) a riot of young Africans in Moskou in front of the American, British and Belgian embassies. One hour before the riots a truck with photographers arrived in front of the American embassy to photograph the proceedings. In Peking Mao uttered the direst threats and 750,000,000 Chinese in a well organized-spontaneous (it seemed that only to a western mind there is something incongruous about the combination of the two adjectives) parade demonstrated their protest. And such was the courage of the free world that the U.S. and Belgium bowed to communist opinion, withdrawing the paratroopers, and leaving at least another thousand white people to the mercy of the rebels.

The Congo's troubles are still far from solved. We may expect a further build-up of rebel strength as now both Russia and China are competing to supply them with arms.

Meanwhile somewhere in the Congo soil, friends have dug a grave for Dr. Paul Carson, a Lutheran Medical-missionary, who in trying to help others escape from rebel machinegun fire fell a martyr himself at the foot of the Lumumba monument in Stanleyville.

Dr. Carson was a brilliant surgeon from California. In 1961 he made a trip to the Congo as a member of a Protestant Relief Mission. The suffering he saw thrust home to him with irresistable conviction that white men have a duty in the face of such suffering. It must have been a conviction that was born of christian ethics. Apparently he sought to escape the conviction, for it wasn't until two years later that he gave up a $12,000 a year position in almost ideal circumstances to take a $3,000 a year job in the jungles of the Congo. He took his wife and six children with him.

Discussing his predicament with a friend during lunch he once said: "If you could see the suffering, you wouldn't be able to eat."

His example in sacrifice will serve admirably to disturb the artificial peace at Chrstmas of millions of fellow christians, around the world, who celebrate the birth of their Saviour without hardly a thought of His sacrifice.

If we could all only see, we might not enjoy our Christmas dinners so.

FINDS CARLSON—A Belgian paratrooper bends over the body of Dr. Paul Carlson, the American missionary who was massacred by Congolese rebels in Stanlevville. in the Congo.

## LET'S PLAY CHESS

Editor: Mr. C. Hess.

### SECOND SERIES OF PROBLEMS IN DECEMBER

NOTES

1. This time we take up the three-movers because of the Christmas holidays. Do your best for they are not too easy.

2. Although white's last move is constantly the same, this interesting problem, different from all others we had, is an excellent one. Full solution is asked for, all variations included.

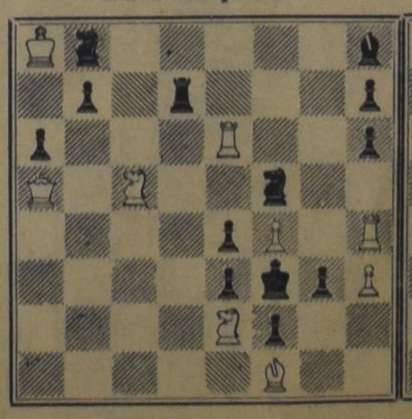
3. Four Knights in a row in No. 139. And what about the black Rooks? If one moves, the other one is pinned. More discoveries are possible. This is the way in which you will find a clue. I expect key-move, threat and all variations, or, in other words, the full solution.

4. The deadline for the solutions of the December problems is in the New Year, the 20th of January. People who live outside of Ontario may have their letters postmarked the 25th of that month, but not later.

**No. 138**

Author: K. Harder

Black: 13 pieces



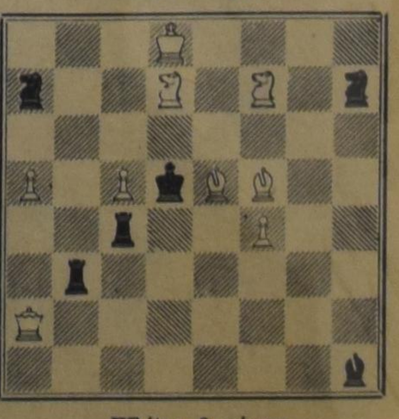
White: 9 pieces

White to play and mate in three moves. (3 points)

**No. 139**

Author: G. A. Croes

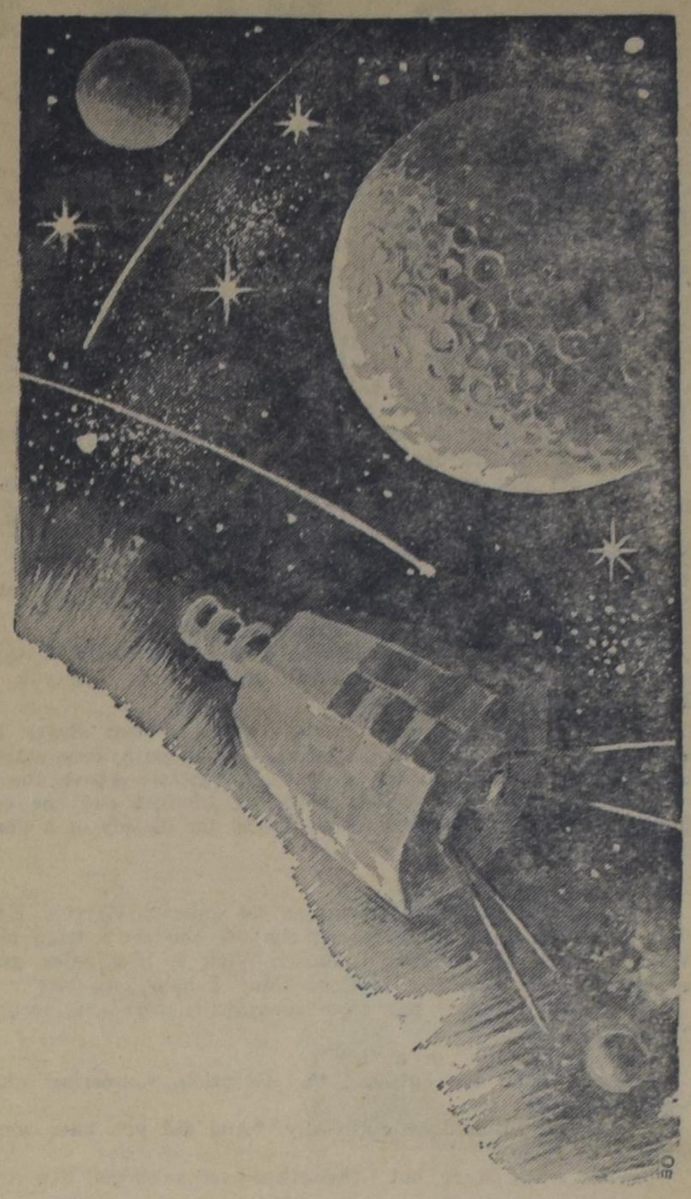
Black: 10 pieces



White: 9 pieces

White to play and mate in three moves. (3 points)

# Garby Angelo calling



*Frequency 1:*

Hello, hello, this is Garby Angelo calling from planet earth — over.

Hello, Garby Angelo, this is heaven. Come in — over.

Hello, heaven, I have recorded a special report on tape for the Lord. Do you think He would be willing to tune in on us — over.

Hello, Garby, could you give me the details first, please? — over.

Hello, heaven, the report consists of salutation, introduction, Report A, Report B, Report C, and conclusion. Time: ten minutes — over.

Hello, Garby, one moment, please . . . . . Hello, Garby, go ahead with tape on frequency 5068. You need not acknowledge any further communication — over.

*Frequency 5068:*

Dear Lord Jesus Christ, on this tape you will hear my report on religious climate. I have decided to send my report before the year has ended for a special reason. My findings for the year 1964 confirm the overall impression derived from annual reports since the time you left the earth. My graph shows a gradual decline in expectation of your coming ever since the apostle John died. You will recall, Lord, that misunderstanding of your words: "If it is my wish for him to stay until I come, is that your business, Peter?" Well, immediately after John's death we observe a momentary lapse owing to the initial shock at the news. It seems that persecutions brought the line up again just below the original height. After that the line went down as time passed. The trend is reminiscent of your parable about that business manager who said to himself, "My employer takes his time about returning." If I remember correctly, he started to eat and to drink and to beat his servants (exploit them and underpay them, and so on). Anyway, everything seems to be running true to form.

I have, however, observed a peculiarity which I cannot altogether explain, Lord. It seems that expectancy is at an all-time low on Christmas day. This explains why I am reporting early. I believe that my information is of strategic importance. If you want to come as a thief in the night, there is, ironically enough, no better time than the time when everybody sings about you in the silent night.

Do you think you could come tonight yet, Lord? I know it's short notice, but the time seems ripe. Besides, the religious climate does not agree with me at all. It's either too hot or too cold here. I have run across a poem lately by a certain Robert Frost, who not only describes the kind of weather we have been having here but also a convenient way of putting an end to the whole business. Would you listen to it, please? I added my recitation of it on the tape, immediately following the reports. Of course, not my will, but yours be done, Lord. Amen.

*REPORT A:*

Good morning, Sir, my name is Garby Angelo. I am a sociology student making a statistical survey on the presence of the true Christmas spirit. May I ask you a few questions?

Come on in, will ye? It's cold.

Yes, it is cold, is it not? Too cold for snow, I imagine.

Don't know about that. There's a chair if ye wanna sit down. I'm busy eatin my breakfast, as ye kin see.

Thank you. I'll be brief. This is not exactly the best time of the year for surveys, is it?

I don't mind. I'm not in a rush.

First of all, Sir, I would like to ask you whose coming you are thinking of today.

As far as I know there ain't anybody comin. Haven't heard Sanny talk about anybody comin.

Sanny is your wife?

Yeah, she's still sleepin. I wus up late myself. We wus watchin the late show last night.

I see. Do you believe in Christmas?

Ye bet. I believe in all the holidays: Christmas Day, Boxing Day, Labour Day, the works.

What I mean is eh . . . do you believe in the meaning of Christmas?

I guess so. Why not? D'ye wanna cuppa tea?

No, thank you. Are you going to church today, Sir?

No, I never go. My wife might. My kids go to Sunday school every week. That won't do any harm.

To what Church affiliation do you belong?

Oh, put me down as United.

Thank you very much, Sir. I appreciate your cooperation.

At's alright. Whatsit say again? Good will to men? Guess I ain't entirely missed the Christmas spirit, have I?

I cannot answer that question, Sir. Thank you very much. I'l find the door myself.

Suit yourself. Be good. Funny guy you are, ye ask me all kinds of questions and don't even know the answer to a simple one yerself.

*REPORT B:*

Good morning, madam, my name is Garby Angelo. I am a . . .

What is it you want?

I am making a special survey, madam on the presence of the Christmas spirit. May I ask a few questions?

I'm sorry, but I'm too busy now. I am going to have a house full of relatives today. Right now I don't know whether I am coming or going. Eh . . . why don't you come back tomorrow. No, wait . . . tomorrow I'll be too tired yet. Let's say next week sometime.

That won't be necessary, madam. I think I know enough already.

That's right. It is rather obvious that the Christmas spirit has taken hold of me, isn't it? Well, it was nice talking to you, eh . . . what's your name again?

Garby Angelo.

Garby. Well, you're certainly a fine-looking young man, Garby. Merry Christmas to you, Garby, and goodbye!

God be with you too, madam.

*REPORT C:*

Hi.

Good morning, little boy. How are you?

Fine.

Are your daddy and mommy home?

Yes.

May I speak to them?

. . . We went to church this morning.

Did you, now. What did the minister talk about?

About baby Jesus.

Do you love baby Jesus?

Yes . . . I know a song about Jesus.

Do you? Let me hear it.

(sings) Jesus loves me this I know,
For the Bible tells me so
Little ones . . eh . . belong
We are weak and he is strong
(Both) Yes, Jesus loves me, yes, Jesus loves me
Yes, Jesus loves me; the Bible tells me so.

Wonderful! Jesus loves both of us, doesn't he?

Who are you?

I'm Garby Angelo. I'm a sociology student making a survey of . . . never mind. Call your parents, O.K.?

O.K. . . . . .

Good morning, Sir

Good morning.

My name is Garby Angelo. I would like to ask you a few questions for a religious survey.

Are you a Jehovah Witness?

Not in the sense that you mean it, Sir. May I ask a few questions?

Alright.

What is your denomination?

Christian Reformed.

I heard from your boy that you went to church today. Is this a regular practise, Sir?

Yes.

What according to you is the proper way of celebrating Christmas?

Well, I don't believe in Christmas trees and Christmas presents. That's not the meaning of Christmas, you know. Not that I mind a few decorations. On the whole, we spend the day quietly as a family. We sing some carols, play some games, go to church, of course . . . so on.

You seem to have a good religious background, Sir. Could you tell me whether we should expect the second coming of Christ today?

Yes, I think it's proper to expect Christ any day. Today we celebrate the birth of Christ, of course. We have a one-track mind and therefore we can't always do two things at once. But we have to be ready at all times, that's true enough.

Are you?

Am I what?

Are you ready, now?

Well, I think you are asking a very personal question.

Alright. Thank you very much, Sir. I appreciate your kindness.

You bet. By the way, don't bother to go to my neighbours. They hardly ever go to church. Goodbye.

So much for the reports, Lord. I did not bother to tape a group of nuns who were constantly mumbling, "Blessed art thou, Mary" in the same sentimental way as that one woman in the crowd, you remember, who called out: "Oh, what a blessing for a woman to have brought you into the world and nursed you!" and to whom you replied: "Yes, but a far greater blessing to hear the Word of God and obey it." Since these nuns can find this incident in Luke 11:27-28, I did not bother to remind them of your answer.

Here's the poem by Robert Frost, Lord, called "Fire and Ice."

FIRE AND ICE

Some say the world will end in fire;
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To know that for destruction ice
Is also great.
And would suffice.

When one listens to the reports, Lord, one might think that people are neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm. I don't agree. My sensitive nature could feel both heat and cold, and often at the same time. You know, Lord Jesus, I don't think that Frost realized how true it was what he was saying. But then, of course, I should not judge him, nor should I judge the world. I should really give an objective report, shouldn't I? I must not permit my own feelings to colour the situation, must I?

Perhaps I had better tell you that I did meet some people who are expecting you, Lord. If reports A. B. and C are not enough to make you come, let me then add that thousands of people are praying "Maranatha!" Of course, you knew about them all the time. They are your servants who celebrate Christmas as any other day — the day of the Lord! Well, I guess this about winds it up, Lord. Your will be done by Garby as it is in heaven. Come quickly, dearest Lord Jesus. Amen.

A. Witvoet

## CANADA LIGHTS UP FOR CHRISTMAS IN WHITE

Houses of Parliament in Canada's capital city, Ottawa, add their own touch of festivity to national scene.

Suburban residences become a fairyland vista as doorways, chimneys, windows, roof-tops and gardens come ablaze with millions of sparkling colored stars and illuminated figurines.

# A NEW BEGINNING

*A short story by John Vriesinga*

"It's for you, sir." The soft voice of the secretary cupping her hand over the telephone receiver barely succeeded in drawing Harry Demoor's attention away from the figures on his desk.

He smiled at her, blankly, and she had to repeat: "It's for you, sir. A man. Shall I tell him you're busy?"

"No, it's alright. Who is it?"

"I don't know. He doesn't want to give his name."

"I see . . . well then," and Harry reached over to take the receiver.

The next moment his attention veered wide awake, and a happy smile spread over his face as he almost shouted: "George, it's you. Why didn't you tell Susan!"

"Oh, you wanted to surprise me. Well, so you did. Surprised your mother too, I'll bet."

"What did you say? Sure, sure. I'll be here. See you in about half an hour then. So long."

"That was George, my son," Harry chatted happily. "He came home for the holidays. We didn't expect him until the end of the week."

"How nice! Isn't he studying medicine in Toronto?"

"That's right. Going to be a doctor soon."

Then, switching back to business, Harry continued: "I think I'll empty the tills now and let you balance the tapes, will you, Susan? Make the night deposit ready too."

A wave of confused noise swept over him when Harry Demoor entered his beautiful store. He looked around with deep satisfaction and worked his way to the first cash register. Above the din of murmuring voices, the endless shuffling of feet and the constant jingling of the cash registers came faintly the melody of a Christmas carol.

★

George didn't hear the music as he entered Harry's Exclusive Gift Shop, stamping his feet and shaking the snow from his coat. With a shock he recognized Margie Vink in the sales girl who approached him with her routine: "May I help you, sir?"

Something prevented her from recognizing him and he grinned: "Well, let's try!"

"Is it for a "him" or a "her"?

"It's my Dad," he continued the deception, wondering when she would recognize him.

"I see," she chatted on cheerfully. "And did you have something specific in mind?"

"No, not really Marg, but I thought a good sales girl like you . . ."

A moment she looked up, bewildered, then recognition dawned: "George, it is you! And here I am . . . But why didn't you . . . Oh, you're still as mean as ever." A deep pink spread rapidly over her face.

"I'm sorry, Marg, I just couldn't resist it," he laughed.

They chatted for a moment, unconscious of the crowd around them until she suddenly remembered: "Say, I better get back to work if I don't want to get fired."

"Look, Marg, I want to talk to you some more. When do you have your coffee break?"

"I already had it, but I'm going for dinner in about an hour."

"Okay, I'll see you then. Next door?"

She nodded, while someone else was asking for her assistance.

George went on his way to the office filled with a deep sense of happiness. "Fancy meeting Marg here," he thought. The girl who had been his playmate since kindergarten days. He had heard she had come to Canada, but never knew her whereabouts.

Just then he passed in front of one of the loudspeakers and he couldn't miss hearing the modern arrangement of "O come all ye faithful". A look of pain and disgust crossed his face. How could his father be so worldly?

★

The years fell away as they sat opposite each other in the restaurant. It was almost embarrassing to realize that the old spirit of mutual understanding had only grown with the intervening years. It took some careful probing to assure their minds that the friendship between them was not just imaginary, the result of silly sentiments. But it was as solid as a rock, and silently they revelled in the wonder of it.

She asked him about his studies, and he told her everything that was in his heart.

"Dad thinks I'll be a doctor soon but I don't think I want to settle here."

"You still want to go to China as a missionary?"

His eyes were great with surprise. "How do you know about that?"

She chuckled: "That's what you said when you were twelve!"

"Did I really?"

She looked at her watch. "Time to go back."

"When do I see you again?" he asked.

"Thursday it will be my night off."

"But that's three days away."

"Well, come to the store. I'll help you pick out your Christmas presents."

★

Harry Demoor did not usually waste time and one had to know him as well as his wife did to realize that George's home coming wasn't the only reason he didn't go to the store the next morning.

Outside it was snowing softly. Large flakes drifting down on the faintest breath of wind as thistledown on a summer evening. But in the luxurious living room it was warm and cosy with the smell of hot chocolate and the chit chat of mother and son.

Secretly Harry watched his boy; he could already see the doctor in some of his gestures and phrases. It made him feel immensely proud. His son, a doctor. This the folks in Holland should have seen.

"You're so quiet, Hank. Can't you put business out of your mind for a while?" his wife tried to draw him out.

"I was only enjoying the rest," he smiled back at her.

"I'm sure that store must get on your nerves sometimes. You shouldn't always work so hard, you know."

"Maybe I should go down with you, Dad. There must be something I can do," George volunteered.

But his father smiled again. "You just stay home and keep your mother company, son. You deserve your holidays."

"Well, if I have, you certainly deserve some rest."

But Harry did not want to pursue the matter.

"I was talking to old doc Stephenson last week. He wants to quit."

The sudden announcement threw a dam, heavy with meaning, in the pleasant flow of small talk.

"Oh . . . ?" was all George knew to say.

"Yes, if you're interested I can buy him out; set you up right here in town. What do you say, George?"

Actually this should have been the biggest and best surprise of the Christmas season, but as Harry watched the faces before him, he sensed that perhaps his timing wasn't the best.

"That would be nice," mother Demoor said tentatively.

"Yes . . ." George hesitated. He would have liked to set his own stage for the announcement of his plans. But the thing couldn't be avoided now. Frantically he sought for words that would smooth over the disappointment, but he found none.

"Frankly Dad, I have other plans."

"Oh . . . ?"

"Yes, I was going to tell you later, but now that you have raised the subject . . ." He looked helplessly from his father to his mother. "I have decided to go to Thailand. They need doctors a lot worse there."

Was this all he knew to say about it?

"Thailand? Are you out of your mind, George? What's the matter with this town?"

"Where is Thailand, George? And what on earth makes you think you want to go there?"

"Look Mom, Dad. Let me tell you all about it. It's hard to explain, but . . ." George's words came quickly now.

"I've been thinking about this. I should say I've been praying about it. I can't get away from the thought that in South East Asia people are dying like flies for lack of proper medical care, while here . . ."

Harry Demoor shifted uneasily on his chair. What was the boy saying?

"Doctor Stephenson has a large practice, why should you . . ." His voice sounded slightly irritated as he suddenly sensed the threat to his dearest dream.

"I know, Dad. But doctors are just about walking on each other's toes here, and in Thailand . . . Anyway, that's where I want to go, really. I feel God wants me there."

It was almost anger that surged in Harry Demoor. A strong desire rose in him to sweep all the boy's arguments aside. Who had paid for his studies? Who was ready to buy him a practice? Whose money was he really talking about just now. Thailand . . .

But he realized in time that anger would not work. It was his wife, who further complicated the problem.

"If God has called you, we may not stand in your way, but we'll miss you so, George." Her voice trembled and she turned away to bring the empty cups to the kitchen.

The two men sat silent, tension growing between them.

"Calling," Harry thought grimly. This was probably just one of the boy's grandiose ideas.

"Can't you see what I mean, Dad?"

He should have explained it better, George berated himself. Why couldn't he tell his father what really lived in his heart. Why couldn't he find the words that came so easily when he talked to Marg, whom he had not seen for eight years.

"No, I can't see it. It just doesn't make sense to me." The voice sounded cold and grim.

"I want to follow Christ . . ."

"Sure, but you can do that here too . . ."

"Yes, but you don't understand, Dad, this is different. Listen. I'll tell you exactly what I mean. You too, Mom. I want to give myself; not just some of my money, some of my time, but everyhing. I feel I owe it to Him . . ."

Harry Demoor was drumming with his fingers on the arm rest of his chair. On this ground he did not trust himself too well.

"Listen George. You're an idealist; you're impractical. Believe me, I've seen more of the world, of life than you have. You can't live that way . . ."

As he went on Harry Demoor grew eloquent in the exposition of his ideas, his convictions. He was an elder in his church and the chairman of the Bible study group. He spoke of God's kingdom in this world and of the need to apply divine truth in every sphere of life, also the field of science, of medicine. He outlined the place of a christian physician in the modern world as best as he could, and he almost swayed his son, for George knew these things to be true. Yet the doubts about the application of christian truth in modern life that had driven him to his decision would not be stilled and in a sudden flash of vision he crystalized them into one question. It was a cruel question, but he thrust it, as a drawn rapier, at his father's heart, unfalteringly and without malice:

"I know you're a christian, Dad. But yesterday I heard you play Christmas Carols in your store. Don't you think that's almost pagan?"

He caught his father completely off guard.

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"Everything! Don't you see that with all our striving for the glory of His Name, we've gotten lost in a maze of grand ideas, we've lost our love for Him."

"You dare to say something."

"How else can you explain this seeking of our own pleasure, at Christmas of all times; it's nothing but selfishness, this giving of presents to each other. What do we give to Him? We believe that He is alive today, with us always. What do we give to Him? Hardly the thanks of our hearts!"

"Oh, George, you're exaggerating, you're being carried away, you . . ."

"Dad, what are you giving Him. Honest now. A lot of money maybe, but you earned it by desecrating His Name with those Carols. Do you want to know something?" George grew excited now. "I heard you play "O come all ye faithful" in the store. You might as well have changed the second line into "Come to Harry's Gift Shop". Dad, it's like swearing, it's . . ."

"George!"

He rested his hand against his forehead. "I'm sorry, mother, I'm sorry, Dad. I shouldn't condemn. It got the better of me."

"So it has," Harry Demoor concluded soberly. "We won't talk about it any more. I've got to go to the store now."

★

Christmas came and went with the usual church services, the Sunday School program and the many visitors discussing the minister's sermons, the weather and a thousand other things. The livingroom was thick with cigar smoke mixed with the odors of coffee and wine into that typical smell that George associated with all previous Christmases.

The matter that had so fiercely aroused their feelings lay safely if uneasily buried beneath the constant conversation with guests. Only the Demoor's were aware of the tensions that remained. George told Margie all about it as the two went for a long walk into the country on Christmas day. In the evening they gathered around the ancient harmonium and sang the strangely stirring Christmas songs of Holland. And before they knew it, it was all over and the last days of the year were upon them as a seemingly senseless appendix to the festivities.

Harry worked overtime in the store and George went along to help with the yearly inventory. The father was wounded deeper than he cared to admit, even to himself. Not just by the fact that George had so lightly rejected his offer, but by the things he had said. One afternoon the minister sought him out as he was counting merchandise on the shelves in the warehouse, and to him he opened his heart.

"He's always been so emotional. I think this is just another one of his grandiose ideas," he concluded. "Even if he does feel as he says he does, why does he have to leave us. I'd like to stop him . . ."

The pastor pondered his answer carefully.

"You know, Hank, some of the finest men in church history were emotional people. Where would we be if the Spirit never fanned our emotions into a blazing fire. The question is whether George's emotions are out of balance."

Harry pondered that for a long time.

"Would you say then that George's attitude is the only right one?"

"I didn't say that. But wouldn't you say that he put his finger on a sore spot?"

When he didn't receive an answer the minister went on:

"Tell me, Hank, or rather, just tell yourself, what is hurting you most in this affair, your disappointment because he doesn't want to be a doctor is your hometown or the things he said about your and my life as christians?"

Harry smiled wanly when the pastor shook hands and found his way back down the stairs. At least it had helped clear his thinking somewhat.

★

Below the pastor ran into George working with a girl whom he recognized as Margie Vink. Something in the way she laughed at him made the pastor stop.

George immediately confronted him with the question that was foremost in his mind: "Did Dad tell you, pastor?"

He nodded "yes" and looked the young man thoughtfully in the eye. "What makes you think we talked about you?"

George smiled, happily. "You know everything then? Did he tell you I plan to go to Thailand?"

"Yes, but you didn't answer my question."

"Well, you see, Marg and I agreed to pray about it. It seemed the best next step."

"You've been praying? Why didn't you come to me then?"

"We decided against it."

"Why?"

"We said if this is God's way, we can leave it to Him."

"But what if I hadn't stopped in today. I didn't know something about this until twenty minutes ago!"

George shrugged. "You've always taught me to trust God!"

"I've taught you to work, too."

"Yes, but there didn't seem to be anything we could do just now. So we prayed."

"It's a big thing for your father, George, and you're not out of the woods yet."

"I know, pastor, and I don't blame him for feeling the way he does. I said some pretty nasty things."

"Did I hear you say "we" prayed?" the minister said then with a look at the girl who had continued working.

"Yes, Marg knows all about it. We've known each other since we were five, haven't we Marg?"

The girl now turned around and faced them, a healthy blush on her face. She just nodded and smiled and somehow that was sufficient.

The minister looked at them, standing together. Their apparent happiness and confidence kindled a joyous feeling in his heart. "Look, why don't you two run upstairs now and tell him . . ."

But George shook his head. "No, we'll wait."

"But . . ."

"We're praying about this too . . ."

"I see! Well then . . ."

He didn't know what else to say.

★

There was a strangely happy note in the sermon on New Year's Eve. It's warmth lingered on into the Demoor's livingroom where the family gathered to wait the arrival of midnight. As the evening wore on, all the tensions of the last week seemed to dissolve. They sang again and George played a game of chess with his father, while mother Demoor showed Margie the pictures in the photo album. Now and then she laughed happily.

It was well towards midnight when Harry lit a fresh cigar and, thoughtfully looking at the smoke as it floated towards the ceiling, said the words he had so carefully selected this afternoon.

"You didn't want to go in business with me, George. May I make a new proposal?"

Suddenly the tension sprang back at them.

"Yes, Dad!"

"Could I come in with you?"

Three pairs of eyes searched his face anxiously. Then he went on: "You said you wanted to give all, not just some of your money. Well, I've decided I do too, really. So, if you'd let me look after the finances of your work in Thailand, that's about all I can do well, I'm afraid."

George jumped up and shook his father's hands.

"It'll be just great, Dad. I just knew you'd say something like this. I guess we'll take him in, won't we Marg."

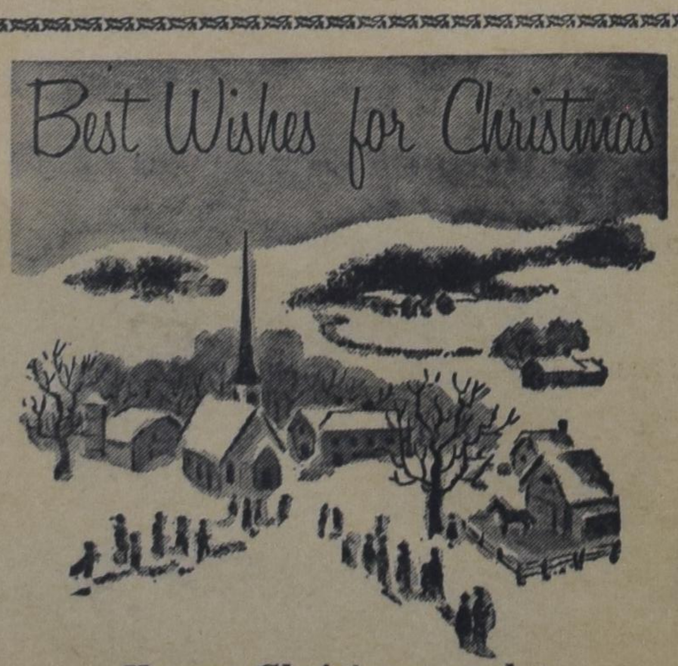
For a moment Harry looked at the three beaming faces before him. In the eyes of his wife he saw that she already knew and he said happily: "I didn't know you had a partner already, but I guess it's my own fault if I'm only the third in the company."

"Not the third, Dad. We're all actually only the second, you know, for God is the first."

"I guess you're right again. But how would you like to bring me completely up to date on this business?"

"Sure Dad, sure."

"Marg, go get that map I gave you, and those other papers, will you?"


*Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year*

**JACK BYLSMA**
REALTOR
1607 King St. East Hamilton, Ont.

# THE LEGEND OF THE ROBIN

**AN OLD CHRISTMAS STORY RETOLD BY JOHN J. H. HOFLAND**

The sun was falling fast, a red ball slowly sinking on the western horizon. As the last rays of bright light swept the darkening skies, like long fingers frantically trying to find a hold, the winds came. The flowers closed their petals as if to keep the chill out. The gaily colored birds, tired from singing, flew to their cosy shelters in the trees. Then the sun was gone. Night had come. The lazy heat of the day was gradually replaced by the cool of the night. In the valley below the shepherds lit their fires.

In the stable the donkey moved a little closer to the fire that had just been kindled. He led his head hang. He was tired. In the deepening gloom he saw the woman whom he had carried on his back. He thought it strange that she was still there. He felt uneasy. He was not used to having people around in the barn where he was sleeping. The man was making a bed for the woman. It looked as if they were planning to stay.
"Oh, well", he mused, "What do I care. As long as they let me rest".
His head sank a little lower. His eyelids dropped.
"It is getting colder", he thought.
Then he slept.

The hours passed in silence.
The stars, observing the sleeping world, winked at each other, as if they shared a secret.
An occasional animal flung an insult at the sleeping world.
In the valley, the shepherds pulled their homespun robes tighter around them.

In the stable the unattended fire was dying. The chill of the night crept in through the cracks in the wall. The donkey was falling asleep again. He had awakened when some sharp cries had come from the corner where the woman was lying. But he was too sleepy to care.
The woman awakend from her light sleep when she heard a stirring in the manger. She too was getting cold.
"Donkey", she spoke, "Would you kindly blow in the fire? My baby is getting cold."
The donkey moved slightly, but he did not awaken.
"Donkey, would you . . .?"
But he did not hear. He dreamt of leisure and green gras.
"Donkey . . ."

In the rafters something moved. A robin, bravest of small created things, had settled there for the night. But, tired as he was, he had not slept. He had seen what had happened. Of all creatures that fly through the skies, it was he who had been permitted to witness the greatest event. His breast was filled with emotion. On many occasions he had almost burst out into song. But he had checked himself. He must not bother the tired young woman and her baby. Tomorrow he could sing all he wanted. Now there must only be reverent silence.

"Donkey, please . . .?"
The robin took a look at the donkey.
Should he . . .?
Dare he . . .?
Then he flew down.
He landed in front of the dying embers.
He spread his wings, and he closed them, opened them, and closed them.
Faster and faster his little wings moved.
The draft caused the logs to awaken. Tiny flames played around the wood.
"It works! It works!", the robin exulted.
He could no longer keep himself. While his wings moved faster and faster, he burst out into a song in praise of his maker.
A flame shot up, and another, and another. The fire became hotter and hotter. The heat seared the robin's breast, but he did not notice. He sung of his master who had so honored him. A flame leaped out of the fire and burned his breast. But he felt no pain.

"Enough, dear robin", the voice came from the corner, "It is warm now, and the baby is asleep."
The robin flew a little distance away from the fire, tired but joyful.
"Dear robin", the woman whispered, "Your breast is red from the burn, but you shall keep that mark always. May that fire which made you sing to your master always be burning in your breast. Now all people can see how you served your savior."

The night was cold. But in the stable it was warm. Mother and child slept, watched over by their heavenly father and . . . . a little bird with a red breast.

## ON THE LEGEND

*By definition the legend is an unauthentic story handed down by tradition and popularity regarded as historical. It is unauthentic because the origin of the story cannot be traced. The story is handed down by tradition. "The legend of the Robin" originated in the Europe of the Middle Ages.*

*At that time printing had not as yet been invented. Books were scarce. They were hand-copied and only the well-to-do had a library in their estates. As a result the upper class also was the educated class.*

*Legends surrounding the birth of Christ were passed down from one to another, from generation to generation, by word of mouth. Like most traditions, the legend does not lend itself to investigation. Its birth place is lost under the dust of the ages. Popular beliefs holds, just the same, that the legend has a historical basis.*

*It can be said that the legend contains a grain of truth, but the genuineness of that truth cannot be traced. This type of story usually deals with ascribing the origin of certain real characteristics of creatures in the animal and plant kingdoms to a miraculous cause rather than to creation. In the "Legend of the Robin", the redness of the robin's breast, for instance, is said to be caused by burns.*

*As in the fable so in the legend do the animals speak and trees and flowers engage in some act that responds to a human need. The robin in our story is said to be "permitted to witness the greatest event". The supernatural is here introduced into the story. Providence itself supplies wanting man with the aid of other creatures.*

*Human thoughts, speech and attitudes are ascribed to animals in the legend. The donkey, for instance, becomes the symbol of the apathy of mankind. "What do I care. As long as they let me rest," described the disinterest and unwillingness of man to see this event as the great Event.*

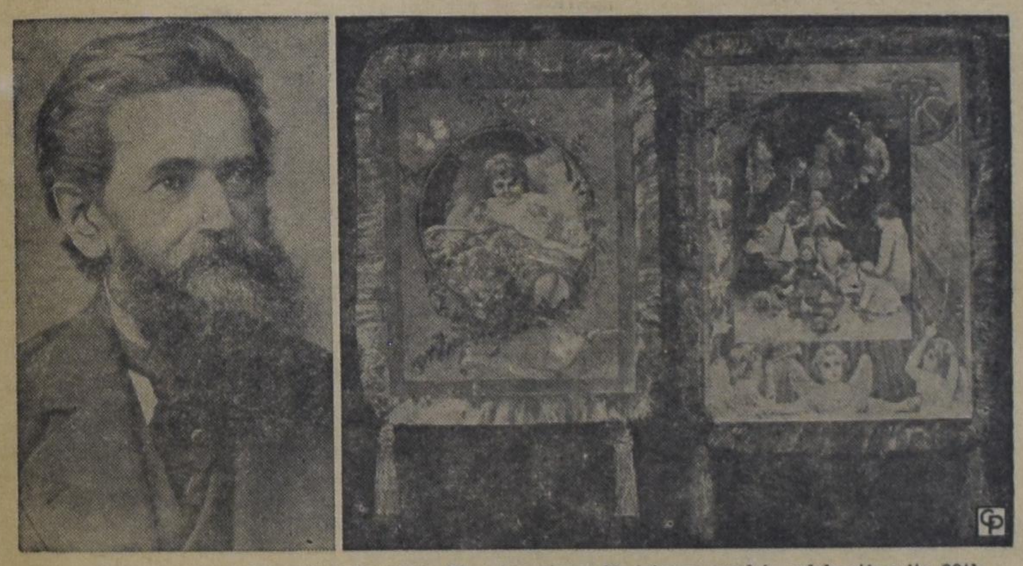
*The red breast of the robin acquires a new meaning in the end. It comes to stand for selfless service to the master. In the speech and actions of the bird one is reminded of the humility and self-sacrifice that mark the early Christian discipline.*

*C. Barendrecht*

We welcome the glad Christmas season
and all the heartfelt joys it brings.

We welcome, too, the opportunity to pause in the midst of our daily occupations to recall anew how fortunate we are to have the favors and friendship of our valued customers. To all of you, we offer our real appreciation and our best wishes for your holiday enjoyment.

**TOP'S**
IMPORTING LIMITED
GRIMSBY, ONTARIO

**CHRISTMAS CARDS' 89TH BIRTHDAY**—The American Christmas card is celebrating its 89th birthday this year. In 1875, Louis Prang (left), a craftsman lithographer of Roxbury, Mass., hesitantly introduced the country's first Christmas cards (shown), and wondered if anyone would buy them. This year there are more than 50,000 designs to choose from, according to the Greeting Card Association in New York City.

## Hi Neighbours!

In many newspapers across this continent there appears a daily column of questions, sent in by readers who request an answer or advice for their problems. There are interesting situations discussed as often you find yourself in a similar one. The advice is often down-to-earth and good to follow. So it was a few weeks ago, when mention was made of the coming Christmas season that this question was asked by a mother, who was distressed about the indifference in our society to brutality and death.

She asked this question: What is happening? I say the daily diet of killing on T.V. compounded by the use of guns as toys makes murder commonplace. Children are confused. Values are blurred. They don't know when the game ends and real killing begins.

Her husband wanted to buy their 5 and 7 year olds toy guns, chaps and cowboy hats for Christmas but she said "no guns." She wanted to have some advice, and this was the answer she received:

I'm with you but I don't buy the theory that toy guns and T.V. will make killers out of healthy, normal children. The trouble goes back much farther. I do agree that constructive toys are infinitely better for children and I would not buy a toy gun for a child.

The reply continued: "The American Friends Service Committee (Quakers) distributed an essay which echoes faithfully, the sentiments of the one who answered; and I think we will all subscribe to them:

Violence is abroad in our land, dogs are turned on humans. Murder is with us in headlines and T.V., homes are bombed. Children are killed in a church in the south. We rely on weapons of annihilation to secure our "way of life." Violence is so commonplace in our lives that we hardly notice it — until finally a young and vital President is killed, by an assassin's bullet, setting off a chain of events with even more violence.

And we are ashamed. Let us begin to question the violence in our lives. Let us bring love and understanding to our families. Let us begin with our children. Ought we supply them with the toys that make violence so commonplace — The gun, the tank, the rocket, rather than tools, paints, or books of other lands? If we buy only creative toys this Christmas it can be the beginning — a symbol of our rejection of violence, in keeping with Christmas as a time of peace and love.

Let us begin by this small act. If each of us does not do this — who will? If not now — when?"

This worthwhile question and answer concerns us all. The store windows, supermarkets and advertisements display all the tools of war so realistically that it becomes frightening to those who have seen war first-hand.

Christmas is a time in which we are asked to be especially compassionate toward our less-fortunate brothers and sisters, about the drunkard who needs a helping hand and about the lonely one, away from home. These needs are present everyday of the year and if the good virtues we possess are only displayed at Christmas time out of a feeling of pure sentimentality then it will have little or no effect.

A baby in a manger, a dear, helpless baby. The toughest man can become like butter at the sight. But if the baby in Bethlehem is only that, and it seems to be that way to many people, then He is not the Son of God, He is only the son of Mary, who grew up to become a fine example to us.

Can you see more in this sweet baby? Can you look beyond the manger and do you see Him when He stands before the Pharisees who come to challenge Him when He has healed a crippled man on the Sabbath day? He speaks with authority about His Father in heaven. Can you hear Him as He silences the Pharisees and Sadducees with answers to questions they put to Him?

They hoped to trick Him each time, but do you hear Him speak as the Majestic Lord of all as He answers them into complete silence?

Oh, our baby Jesus of the manger grew up to be sentimental no doubt. He lifted up young children and blessed them and how they must have loved His tender voice. Jesus was a loving compassionate Friend who could weep with Mary and Martha, who must have been heart-broken when He saw His mother Mary, standing at His cross.

As He denounces the Pharisees and self-righteous Scribes and announces His woes against them, His eyes were not soft and tender, for He could see their wicked hearts. He called them whited sepulchres, hypocrites, blind guides, serpents, vipers, and for good reasons. His voice was not soft and tender, but authoritative and majestic. No wonder after these discourses they didn't dare come near Him again or speak to Him. Instead they sought how they might destroy Him.

The baby in the manger grew up to hate unrighteousness and He hates it today. When in the Congo His good servants are brutally murdered, His eyes must flash in anger again and the reward for these evil deeds will not be withheld.

If we wish to be like Him we too must hate violence and unrighteousness. We may not always remain silent either. How many of us are shocked at the expressions we hear, blasphemous words against the Son of God. Let our faces be stern and our words harsh. We must be loving and compassionate at all times for Jesus was, but we must also fight for what we know to be right. The world will perhaps laugh as we show real anger, but deep down the world will respect us.

This is a time of peace but only for a few weeks and in many parts of the world there is no respite even to celebrate Christmas.

Let us not dwell in sentimentality by a manger Saviour only, for He expects us to:

*Put on the Gospel armour*
*Each piece put on with prayer;*
*Where duty calls or danger,*
*Be never wanting there.*

May you have a truly blessed Christmas, wished by

YOUR NEIGHBOUR

# The Pass-word is Bethlehem

(Continued from page 14)

his own parents may still show up . . . . Besides it's so hard to raise a child under a communistic government . . . spiritually, I mean . . . . Another important reason to go . . . and yet . . ." He sighed deeply and then continued:

"We have to discuss this together, Mark. I will write Walter about our decision, in covered terms. One question: You live at the other side, I understand. How did you happen to cross? It's not that I don't trust you, but . . . ."

"All right. I see your point, Mr. Muller. I've got a legal pass for two days. So-called for business. Don't ask me how I got it. Here it is . . . ." Mark produced his pass, which looked very impressive and which bore at least ten official stamps.

"Think it over then. Write Walt and we'll get the three of you over in a hurry," Mark laughed confidently.

"One more question," Mrs. Muller said. "Tell me please . . . is Walter also working at the tunnel? I mean, is he involved . . . ?"

"Your son is the leader and organizer of it, Mrs. Muller," Mark answered. "It was his idea in the first place and it was he who made the whole lay-out and got us workers together . . . You can be proud of him. He's a real great guy."

Of course Mrs. Muller was proud of her son, but at the same time she was unable to hide her fear when Mark had left. She knew too well that many tunnels had been dug underneath the Wall, but many had also been forced to stop half way, because of the weak soil or by rain, or ground water seeping through. Others had been successfully used until the Vopos discovered them and tossed in hand- or tear-gas grenades, which not only wrecked the tunnel, but also killed everybody in it, workers and refugees and all . . . . She knew Walter well enough that he would give as many people as possible the opportunity to use the tunnel for their way to freedom. Whether or not they would go, Walter's life would be in constant danger from now on. In fact: It had already been in danger from the time the first sod was turned.

That night the Mullers did not sleep at all. Their first reaction had been one of joy and excitement. Now they were lying in their bed, other thoughts came to their minds. Was it right to leave? How great would be the risk involved? In the first place they had to think about Hugo. They were responsible for him. They loved him perhaps even more than their own grandchildren. What if something happened to them, to Hugo?

"Strange," Mr. Muller said. "If this change had come last year, I wouldn't have needed one minute to make up my mind. Now . . . I don't know . . . . We have been very happy here the last year, in spite of all the hardship and longing for our children . . . ."

"But we have to think about Hugo in the first place," his wife answered. "For him it would be a blessing if he could live in the West. I'm still often afraid that what we try to teach him is undermined by his school . . . In the West he could go to a Christian school, to real church services and . . . ."

". . . and?"

"and even our Bible classes and services aren't sufficient for Hugo . . . . "

"But yet they mean a lot to the children and perhaps even more to the grown-ups . . . ."

"Yes . . . I know . . . ," Mrs. Muller said softly.

It was mentioned now. The Bible classes and the worship services. What would become of them if they left? Both had been thinking about this, but each of them hardly dared to speak about them, fearing subconsciously that by doing so they would block their own escape-route.

"What will become of them?" Mr. Muller now said aloud, not really expecting an answer, as he knew it already.

"Perhaps someone else could take over," his wife answered.

"It won't be easy to find one. And it wouldn't be the same either, Anne. Those people count on us, just like the children. They believe in what we tell them, because we try to practise our faith. If we flee to the West, they might start believing that our faith after all is not so valuable in practical daily life as we have always told them."

"You mean that they will feel that we abandoned them for our own sake?"

"Not only that. It would mean to them that even with God on our side we are still afraid to stay under a communistic regime. We've told them from the very first night that God should fill everybody's life and that with Him we really don't need anybody or anything else. If we leave, we contradict our own words, Anne. If these people and children did not need us, it would be different. But they do, Anne, and that's why we have been so happy . . . . That God would use us as His instruments to spread the Gospel and to be of spiritual help to others."

"We should not go then?"

"I am not saying that . . . but I asked you: Are you convinced that we are doing the right thing by trying to escape to the West?"

Mrs. Muller didn't answer, although she knew it, too. But she was not ready to give in yet. Instead she answered with the strongest weapon she had for defense.

"But Hugo? We have to think about him, too . . . . The government is getting a tighter grip on the children here. Soon the parents will hardly have anything to say about them at all. We have to consider Hugo's future, the dangers which threaten him here . . . ."

"Yes, I realize that, Anne. And therefore I'm convinced that Hugo should go."

"Without us?"

"Yes, Anne, perhaps without us . . ."

"No!!" it was a scream. A scream in sudden agony, hard and raw and filled with pain.

Mr. Muller sought his wife's hand and put his arm around it, pulling her close to him.

"We have to think about this, dear, we're not making any decisions yet. Don't get so alarmed. But we have to face this possibility. Our only motive should be: What does God want us to do?

"But I can't . . . ! I can't let the boy go . . . God gave him to us. He can't mean to take him away from us again. I couldn't bear it to live without him anymore . . . he's our child. Without him our life will have lost its purpose."

"That should not be so, Anne. God has already given us a purpose since the time we could express ourselves. However, we never accepted His commandment until Hugo came into our lives. Our purpose is to spread the Gospel to everybody who has ears to listen. Since we started with our worship circles, our lives received a new meaning. We became happy, we received peace, joy. It wasn't only because of Hugo, Anne. Don' believe that."

"But I can't do without him anymore . . . " his wife sobbed. "I'm willing to give up West Berlin, a home with our children, freedom, anything, as long as I can keep one child, with me, Hugo . . . ."

"Anne, Jesus once said: ". . . he who loves son and daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he who does not take up his cross and follow after Me is not worthy of Me . . . Jesus still says this today. To us."

"But it's so hard . . . so hard . . ," Mrs. Muller cried. "I cannot do it . . . ."

"My yoke is easy, and my burden is light, that says the Lord, too, Anne. We have to trust Him in this as well. Soon it will be Christmas. God gave up His only Son for us. Couldn't we give Hugo back to Him? Shouldn't we try? With God's help?"

Mrs. Muller did not answer anymore. The wound in her heart was suddenly cut wide open and the pain was almost unbearable.

The days went by. Strange days. Days in which everything the child did had a new meaning. His words, no matter how casually spoken, became important; his smiles and the clear, high tone of his laughter were now precious jewels and his boyish caresses an everlasting gift.

Hugo did not know what was going on, but he noticed the difference in his grandparents, their seriousness, their soft whispers and tear-filled eyes. He believed it was because they weren't sure if uncle Walter would come with aunt Gertrude and little Rudi.

A week after Mark's visit the Mullers made their decision. Hugo should go, if possible. They would stay behind. A letter was sent to Walter:

"We've met your old friend Mark. He's doing fine and sends you his regards. He had a good time with our Hugo and wished he could take him home as a playmate for his son. Perhaps Hugo will go over there one of these days. Mark will pick him up, as the distance is too far for us to bring him. He lives at the other side of the city, you see."

The letter was written. The letter was sent. But Mrs. Muller's struggle had not come to an end yet.

A couple of days later, — it was now close to Christmas — another young fellow who called himself Kram, called at the Mullers. Walter had been very upset with their letter. He believed he had interpreted it correctly, but could not understand why they refused to come.

The Mullers told Kram. The man shook his head. He was not much of a believer and could not see and share their viewpoints. He tried in vain to change their minds. The tunnel was nearing its completion, he said. Within a week for sure they could expect their final message. In case they still wanted to come along with Hugo, they could still do so, of course . . .

From now on each day became a torture. Was it today that Hugo would be going? the Mullers wondered as soon as they opened their eyes in the morning. They were living on their nerves. They still hadn't told Hugo yet. They did not want to alarm him ahead of time. They also knew that they wouldn't see any of their children either. Walter had to help refugees in the tunnel, Kram had told them and if all worked out well, refugees would still be escaping through the tunnel when Christmas came . . . .

"And this will be our third sacrifice," Mrs. Muller thought desperately. "Not going to live in the West, losing Hugo and not seeing our children on Christmas day . . . And yet, Christmas should be a day of celebration . . . ."

The message came the day before Christmas. It was a note, brought by a stranger, who left right away. The handwriting was Walter's.

"Burn this paper immediately," the note said. "Come to the Strelitzer strasze with Hugo around 6 p.m. on Christmas day. Enter building 157 as casually as if you are going to visit friends. From here Hugo will leave. Gertrude and I will care for him as if he were our own child. God bless you for doing this for him. Gertrude is doing fine. We love you and pray for you. Don't forget: The password is "Bethlehem". Leave the building by the back door. They will show you. With love. Walter."

And then they told Hugo. Carefully they tried to prepare him for his journey tomorrow. He was going to visit uncle Walter and aunt Gertrude, for they could not come over here. But they had found a way for him to cross and he would live with them for the time being.

"Are you coming, too?" Hugo asked. When he learned the answer, he started to cry with his arms around Mrs. Muller's neck. Soon they were both crying while Mr. Muller was fighting his tears, clenching his fists in his pockets at the same time. "Why, o God, o, why?"

Suddenly he realized with a disturbing and revealing shock that during the last war many Jewish parents must have experienced the same torture when they said goodbye to their children for the last time, who were going for safety to other countries, knowing only too well that they would never see them again . . .

Christmas in East-Berlin differs as night and day, from Christmas in the Western sector. No church-bells were ringing joyfully to call worshippers to church; no christmas trees and street decorations with electrical candles brightened the town and moods of the people. Wet snow was falling, leaving a messy, greyish mud on the streets. But in contrast with other days cars filled the roads with noise and activity, all carrying a West-Berlin license plate. The passes were issued and the people had come . . . Grown-up men and women cried like little children when they embraced their relatives.

Through the suddenly lively city Mr. and Mrs. Muller walked with Hugo in between them. Each of them held the child's hand as if they would never let go anymore. Hugo cried silently, just like he had cried on the day when his father had not returned. Again he had lost the few people he knew and loved. Again he had lost security and happiness.

Nobody spoke. The hearts were too full and one single word could cause a chain reaction of tears and sobs. And they had to be careful. Everybody was happy today. The Vopos might wonder why people looked so heart broken.

"This is what Abraham must have felt when he was climbing the mountain to offer Isaac," Mr. Muller thought.

"In another half hour I won't see him anymore . . .", Mrs. Muller thought desperatedly. "Then he will be gone . . . perhaps for ever . . . Now I can still see him, feel him, caress him . . . Soon this will be all over. God, I can't bear it . . . I know I have to . . . but my faith is so small . . . help me, o, help me . . . And take care of the child . . . Let him arrive safely, don't let anything happen to him or to Walter . . ."

They reached the street. Then the house, an inconspicuous building of three stories high. A sudden panic took them by the throats, their knees seemed to give way and their hearts were beating faster and more irregularly. Perhaps for the first time they realized the enormous consequences of the escape-attempt. What if the Vopos became aware of the tunnel? What if they came rushing in with their deadly arms? What if the secret had leaked out . . . and the Vopos were already on guard in the building, trying to lure them into their trap?

A young couple entered the building and disappeared from the Muller's view. Then they went in themselves. Nervous, tense, alert and fearful. They had only gone a couple of steps when a voice in the poorly lit hall said sharply: "The pass-word, please." At the same time a revolver was held in front of them.

"Bethlehem," Mr. Muller answered hoarse.

"All right. Walk on. To the right."

They did as they were told. A door was opened and when they entered it they saw stairs leading to the cellar. A strange, muggy odour of moisture and earth met them. They walked down the steep, narrow steps, stumbling in the almost total darkness. Deep down a small light peered. A man came hastily towards them.

"Your name."

"Muller . . . We bring Hugo . . ."

"Here they are, Walter," the voice said. The next moment Mrs. Muller felt two strong arms around her neck. For the first time she let Hugo's hand go.

"Mutti, Mutti, it's me . . . I just had to see you and Father . . . Come with me . . . we want you to come . . ."

In the deep darkness Mrs. Muller's greatest struggle was fought. It was so easy. All they had to do was to step in some kind of big basket which stood ready to pull them through the tunnel to the West. Then she would be united with everyone whom she loved so dearly.

Her cheeks were wet with tears when she shook her head and whispered: "I can't . . . I have to be obedient . . . to God . . . Take care of Hugo, Walter. He's so frightened and unhappy . . . In his pocket is a long letter explaining everything you and Gertrude would like to know about him . . ."

"Hurry up, Walt, we can't miss any precious minutes. Too many want to go through", another voice said.

"I've to go. God be with you and Father, Mutti . . . We will never stop praying for you both."

"Let me know if Hugo arrived safely . . . We'll wait outside on our Saturday spot. Give us a sign, somehow . . ." Mrs. Muller pleaded.

"I will do that . . . as soon as I can be missed. That may take hours, though . . . But I will do what I can. . . The sign will be connected with the pass-word." Walter kissed his mother and went to his father, who had already said goodbye to Hugo. Now the boy buried his head in Mrs. Muller's coat. With trembling hands she tried to pick him up, but could not. Then she knelt down in the mud and the dirt and kissed him, kissed him until gentle hands took him away from her and lifted him into the basket. A short order was given. Then Hugo disappeared out of sight.

Slowly the two old, broken hearted people walked back to the stairs. A voice directed them to the back door. A few minutes later they stood shivering in the wet snow. Quietly, as told, they walked away from the building and turned a few blocks later into another streeet and again into another one. Nothing had happened so far. They started to breathe more easily. Twenty minutes later they had reached their spot near the Wall and started to wait, their arms hooked tightly together. They only had each other now. Their hearts were heavy with sorrow and grief and with red swollen eyes they looked at the Wall. They waited, silently, praying. They waited until they were cold and stiff; they waited until the nauseating fear took hold of them. Something had gone wrong . . . The Vopos had discovered the tunnel and Hugo with Walter and all the others had been killed.

Then suddenly Mrs. Muller made herself free from her husband's arm. She pointed to the sky behind the Wall.

"There . . . there . . ." she said, breathlessly. "Look! A star!!"

Mr. Muller strained his eyes. Then he saw it, too. Over the Wall stood slightly swaying, a huge, brilliant star, made of foil paper and lightened by a strong flashlight on a high pole.

"The sign . . ." Mr. Muller whispered. "The star of Bethlehem. . ."

"Hugo and Walter are safe . . ." Mrs. Muller said, and for the first time there was relief and joy in her voice.

"God be praised," her husband answered, and then turning to his wife, he said solemnly: "Never forget it, Anne . . . The password was "Bethlehem" . . . and it always will be . . ."

**Holtzheuser Bros. Ltd.**

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Away from the city, deep snows spread a mantle of whiteness to make another Christmas scene.

# THE PASS-WORD IS BETHLEHEM

## A Christmas Story by Ineke Parlevliet

It was at the end of October. The trees had already lost most of their leaves and this made the empty, gloomy streets look even more desolate and cheerless. A fine drizzle was falling and the wind had become biting cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Muller walked on slowly, shivering in their old, worn out coat. Mrs. Muller buried her hands deep into the pockets of her coat, while she off and on straightened her scarf which she had wrapped around her head. She was cold and wet and her rheumatism had become worse.

"Suppose they aren't there today . . . ," she said to her husband, who just like her had put up his coat-collar till over his ears. "Now Gertrude is expecting the baby in a few weeks, and the weather is so miserable, they might have stayed home this time . . . ." Her voice sounded weary.

Mr. Muller nodded without speaking. If they were not there, their long tiresome walk had been in vain and the great disappointment that they had to wait for another week before they could see their children, would depress them for several days. Especially his wife would feel very bad about it. Their life was so hard already . . . .

Of course many families lived separated from each other, Mr. Muller reflected, often even thousands of miles away. But that was voluntarily and there was always the possibility to see and visit each other. In their case it was completely different. To see your children from a near distance, to wave at them, but never being able to talk with them, to touch them, to hold them in your arms . . . that was real torture. Every Saturday, like today, they again experienced this deep sorrow, but still they went because it was hundreds of times worse not to see them at all . . . .

Bitterness filled Mr. Muller's heart. Had it not been enough that he had lost his job in the Western Sector, that he couldn't find another one here, that they lived in poorness and misery, in modern slavery? Had two world wars not been enough to humiliate them, to hurt them? Would God's vengeance for what their country had done to others then never end? How could this be a God of mercy, of love? Of righteousness?

He never talked to his wife about these things in the open, but often at night, in the darkness of their bedroom, while they both were tossing and turning in their beds, they dared to express their bitterness and rebellion against God, in Whom they believed nevertheless.

The Mullers now turned into the Friedrichstrasse and unconsciously they hastened their steps. At the end of the street they halted. They had reached their destination. In front of them was the Wall.

The Wall had been there now for more than a year. Almost overnight it had been constructed on that fatal early Sunday morning in August 1961. The job had been done roughly, quickly, but nevertheless effectively. Wartime bricks, cement blocks, parts of buildings and an enormous quantity of barbed wire formed the ingredients of the Wall. More than 12 feet high it towered over the inhabitants of East Berlin, preventing them from entering the Western sector of the city.

As a monument of shame and disgrace the Wall snaked its way through Berlin, thirty miles long, turning East Berlin into one huge prison, separating parents from children, friends from friends, employees from work. It not only cut the city into two, but also the hearts of its millions inhabitants, causing wounds which always bleed, always hurt and never heal. For the Wall is there to stay. Nobody in West or East, doubts that fact . . . .

The only way to see relatives or friends who are living in West Berlin is by going to the Wall and by waving at them from a distance. All the other ways had been blocked since the Wall was made. Before August 1961 thousands of refugees had crossed the border from East to West and were now living in freedom and independence. This is not possible anymore.

In front of the Wall lies a bare stroke of about 20 to 30 yards, the so-called death stretch. If somebody still has the desire to flee to the other side, of course he can try to do so. But the Vopos, the East-German Volkspolizei, are permanently on guard and by night strong search lights, or newly erected, bright street lanterns reveal immediately any illegal movement. It only takes a few seconds to fire a shot. Too many people had already paid their escape attempts with their lives . . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Muller walked quickly to a spot close by the Wall. As usual they climbed on some empty cases to stand on, holding each other clumsily for support. Two old people with a cold, hungry heart and body.

It was always Mrs. Muller who saw their family first. But this time they searched in vain for them. Many people were waiting at both sides of the Wall for their relatives, but Walter and Gertrude were not among them.

"I told you already that they wouldn't come today . . ." Mrs. Muller said, shading her eyes with her trembling hands.

Suddenly she started to wave frantically.

"There they are . . . Ernst, they just arrived . . . There's Gertrude with her red coat . . . and look, there's Walter himself with Rudi on his shoulders!"

Her husband squinted with his near-sighted eyes into the direction which she pointed to him. Then he saw them too and began to wave, be it more sedatively. More people around them were waving and making signs to the other side of the Wall. But nobody spoke. It all happened in a serious, deep silence, as no one dared to speak a word. The Vopos wouldn't tolerate any calling back and forth. If this nevertheless should happen, they would be forced to take measures . . . .

"Oh, I wished I could see the little Rudi close by," Mrs. Muller sighed. "He's so difficult to distinguish from here . . . . I'm so anxious to see if he really resembles Walter, like Gertrude wrote . . . ."

"They're going home . . . ," her husband answered "Gertrude will be tired of course . . . How nice they came . . . !"

A few minutes later the Mullers climbed down, ready to walk home. Mrs. Muller held her husband's arm in a tight grip as if she couldn't depend any longer on her own legs. She always felt exhausted and extremely sad when her beloved ones had disappeared again for another week. Her eyes were filled with tears and her voice was a mere whisper when she said:

"Let's go now . . . ."

Then she saw the boy. He couldn't have been older than six, seven years. He stood silently on top of a high pile of rubbish and his eyes were fixed in a steady gaze across the Wall. His immobility struck Mrs. Muller as queer. It seemed as of the boy was frozen stiff. He was soaking wet, but didn't seem to notice it. Water was dripping down from his bare head and shabby jacket. For a moment Mrs. Muller hesitated. She wanted to go home, to be alone with her grief and sorrow . . . .

She looked again at him and saw how tears were rolling slowly down over the boy's cold, blue cheeks. He didn't wipe them off, neither did he make any sound. He just stood there, crying silently, lost in despair and grief.

Quickly Mrs. Muller walked up to the child, forgetting her own trouble.

"What's wrong," she asked kindly. The boy didn't answer. He didn't even hear her. His eyes and ears were only for the other side of the Wall. Mrs. Muller repeated her question. Still he didn't answer. She shook him gently, but firmly.

"Tell me, what's wrong?"

Now the boy slowly turned his head and looked at her with a dazed expression in his eyes. He still didn't seem to understand her question.

"Why are you crying, my boy?"

"Because he didn't come back . . . He said he would be back for sure before eleven o'clock . . . but he didn't . . . ." The boy spoke the words slowly and with difficulty, as if he was afraid to speak aloud about his inner doubts.

"Who? Your father?"

The boy nodded silently.

"Did he go to the Western Sector this morning?"

"Yes, at seven o'clock . . . . He had a pass. He was going to take me, too, he had promised it. But they wouldn't let him . . . ." With a vague nod of his head the boy directed to the nearby shed, which was the observation post of the Vopos. "They said I had to wait for him . . . they wanted to be sure that he would come back . . . . So Vati left me alone and said that he would be back for sure before eleven o'clock . . . ." The last sentence sounded as if the boy had repeated these words over and over again to assure himself that his father would keep his promise.

"Where's your mother?"

"I don't know . . . . She left a long time ago . . . . She went with another man. Vati told me he thinks she escaped with him to the West . . . ." With a frightened movement the boy suddenly laid his hand on his mouth, realizing that he shouldn't talk about these dangerous things with strangers.

The Mullers pretended not to have heard the boy's slip of the tongue.

"So you were living alone with your father?" Mrs. Muller cut in. "You don't have any brothers or sisters or other relatives here?"

"My mother took Heidi, she's

*This is how the East Berliners escaped to the West.*

much younger than I and all the others live over there." He pointed across the Wall. "My grandmother and aunt Hilde. But we never see them. Now I'm all alone . . . ." Again the boy started to cry without making any noise.

"What's your name, my child?" Mrs. Muller asked.

"Hugo Waldendorf . . . ."

"And you've been here the whole day since seven o'clock this morning, Hugo?"

"Yes . . . ."

"Did you eat?"

"Vati gave me a sandwich before he left . . . . But I ate that already this morning."

"You're hungry now?"

"A little bit," the boy confessed.

Mrs. Muller looked at her husband. He understood her silent question and nodded in agreement.

"You come with us," Mrs. Muller said, taking his hand. "You will get sick with those wet clothes on. I'll make you some nice warm soup and you're staying with us until your father comes back."

The boy shook his head. "I wait here," he said stubbornly. "I promised to wait for him. If I go, Vati can't find me . . . ."

"We tell the Vopos and ask them to tell your father that you went with us. He has to show them his pass anyhow."

But it took much more persuasion before Hugo finally agreed. The Mullers gave their address to the Vopos, who scribbled it down on a note.

The next day Mr. Muller went back to the Friedrichstrasse to find out if Hugo's father had shown up. He had not. Neither did he the next day or the day after, or during the next week or months.

So Hugo remained with the Mullers. His youth had been far from happy and in spite of his love for his father, Hugo's life with him had been a chain of insecurity, poverty and neglect. Now he felt happy and above all secure with the Mullers and his affection for them increased by the day. Soon he called them Groszvater and and Groszmutter.

The Mullers were overjoyed with his presence and deeply grateful. Their whole life had changed. Of course their imprisonment remained the same, their poverty, hardship and longing for their children, but the bitterness in their hearts disappeared and changed into gratefulness, the aimlessness of every day made room for a new purpose and their loneliness was cheered away by the laughter of a child. At night there was a boy's arms around their necks to kiss them goodnight . . . .

God was no longer a God of vengeance, but of mercy and love.

But there were things which troubled the Mullers greatly. Shortly after Hugo had come to live with them, they had started to notice how influenced the boy had been already with the communistic doctrine. Of course they knew that the school used all its means to teach the children the so-called blessings of communism, but they never had realized how refined and cunning its methods were. It was shocking to learn how Hugo's little mind was already filled with anti-religious thoughts and wrong ideas.

One day he came from school and told his grandparents proudly that he had learned to spell a very difficult word.

"And what is it, Hugo?" Mrs. Muller asked interestingly.

"Capitalist," Hugo said slowly, thinking hard to say it correctly.

"What does that mean?" Mrs. Muller inquired, with a frown between her eyes.

"It means wicked people who are very rich because they let the poor people work for them very hard. They all should be killed, the teacher told us. When I get bigger I'm going to be a Vopo and get them all shot."

"Didn't we tell you, Hugo that God doesn't want us to kill and hate other people?"

"Yes, grandpa told me that. But you see, there is no God. The teacher said that only old people believe that there is one, because they are too old to learn new things. But Russian space ships have looked all over in space for God and heaven and really, Grandma, they could not find any at all. The teacher . . ."

"Yes, the teacher . . . ," Mrs. Muller thought. It's always the teacher. What the teacher says is the truth, regardless what we try to tell Hugo. We are old, and no longer up-to-date. We're behind. Science has overruled us. We can't understand the modern inventions anymore. We have no say any longer. Our beliefs are obsolete, out. We don't count anymore. The future lies with the young . . . Whatever we tell Hugo, he'll believe the teacher in the first place and not us. Perhaps if Hugo had had some Christian education from his parents, it would be easier for us to change his views. But all he knew about religion was the name "Jesus" and this he only used as a swear-word."

That night the Mullers had a long talk together about Hugo's religious upbringing. Faithfully they told Hugo a Bible story each night. Hugo always listened with great interest. He loved the stories, but at the same time he regarded them as old fairy-tales. The Mullers realized that this was not enough to teach Hugo the love of the Lord. They hardly went to church themselves. For them the whole service was a farce. No minister was allowed to bring God's Word unless he was also willing to bring into focus the lofty ideologies of communism. Religion had become home-centered, but the lack of communal worship, corporate prayer and spiritual guidance was deeply felt.

"I wish we could have some kind of Sunday services with others together — perhaps not in a real church, but at home . . . ," Mrs. Muller said. "If we can find other people, younger ones and children, too, who would participate, Hugo might learn to believe that religion is not outdated, but of importance. Besides we all could benefit by it."

And so the idea was born . . . . The Mullers started to work on it and with surprise and happiness they found out that it was much easier to make other people interested in their project than they had believed. The need for a deeper meaning of their lives, which communism failed to offer, was great among many citizens of East Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Muller's time was no longer passed in idleness. Several days a week they visited other homes, talked with the people, discussed their mutual problems and invited them to their church services, which were held in an empty warehouse. It was uncomfortable, cold and damp in the neglected building, but the spirits of the people rose high when they could sing together and listen to a sermon read to them. It set their hearts aglow and the cold was no longer felt. As a direct result of these services, in which Mr. Mulder especially had a leading role, Bible classes were held for adults as well as for children. Still the number of participants increased and the Mullers were busy making plans to have similar "worship circles" as they called them, set up in other parts of East Berlin.

God blessed their work greatly. God was showing them again His love and they were happy that He used them as instruments to bring others to Him. A great inner peace took possession of their hearts.

The months passed by. A new fall arrived bringing the usual storms and rains. But in November an almost unbelievable rumour started to circulate: The East-German government was going to issue passes for West Berliners to visit their relatives in the East at Christmas. The rumours proved to be true and like everyone else the Mullers were overjoyed. This Christmas it would be possible for them to have their children with them for a few days . . . to see little Rudi and the 8 month old Heidi . . . . Often the Mullers could not sleep at night because of their great expectations. They talked about it the whole day with their friends and neighbours like everybody else did. It was as if a magician had touched the city with his wonder staff, for suddenly strangers were talking together, moody people laughed with happiness and old enemies made it up with a friendly tap on the shoulder. Factory workers whistled a happy tune when going to work and tired housewives could sing again . . . .

A few weeks before Christmas the Mullers received a letter from their son. "Don't count on our visit too much," he wrote. "There's always the possibility that something will come in between . . ."

The letters disturbed his parents very much. Why did Walter write this? Was something going on? Had he learned perhaps before they could that Ulbricht was going to change his mind about the passes? For days the Mullers worried and wondered. Then there came another letter and this one was even more confusing.

"If Mark, my old schoolfriend ever happens to visit you again, please give him my best regards," Walter wrote. "You wrote me that he drops in at your place once in a while and I'm happy about it. I wish I could see him back myself. He's always been my best friend. I could trust Mark completely and he was always the bearer of good news.

The Mullers looked at each other puzzled and pondering. They had never heard of a Mark, let alone seen him . . . . Moreover they were sure that Walter never had a friend with that name during his student time. Mr. Muler scrutinized the letter from all sides, even the envelope in the hope to find a clue which could reveal the mystery. But there was none. Not even under the stamp . . . . They both realized that somewhere in this letter an important message was hidden which could never pass the censor if it had been written in the open. For a full week they did not hear anything more and their frustration increased by the day. Then late one Friday night, someone rang the bell. A voice in the darkness said:

"Please, may I come in? I'm Mark." Mr. Muller who had opened the door, hesitated for a second. Strangers who called at night seldom meant a good tiding. Then the words from Walter's last letter came back to his mind: ". . . always the bearer of good news . . . whom I could trust completely . . ."

"Come in, it's a pleasure to see a friend of my son," Mr. Muller answered. Mark followed him on the narrow stairs and was then shown into a small living room.

Mark was a young man of around 20 to 25 years old. He was husky and his hands and face betrayed that he used to work outside in the open air. He had a healthy appearance. His straw blonde hair was coarse and straight, but shortly cut. His blue eyes had an investigating, but kind look. His chin was firm and the thin red lips were drawn into a sharp, hard line, when closed.

"I know you never met me before," Mark said with a disarming smile. "But I am really a friend of your son, be it not from his old schooldays, but of recent months. I come here on his request and have an urgent and important message for you. It is highly secret and I have to have your word that you will talk to nobody, not even your closest and most trusted friend about it. All right?"

The Mullers gave their word solemnly and with tense feelings.

"Can I talk freely here?" Mark asked. "Can neighbours listen in? Or your boy?"

"We better go to our bedroom," Mr. Muller said. "There's a toilet between that room and the one of the neighbours. Hugo is asleep on his cot in the kitchen. We don't have a separate room for him, you see."

The three of them went to the bedroom and seated themselves on the bed and the only chair.

"As I told you I'm here on Walter's request," Mark said, speaking softly. "He wants you all to come to West Berlin. In one or two weeks this might be possible. We don't know the date yet. It all depends on the work we're doing. We are digging a tunnel under the Wall. So far all has gone well. Of course there is a risk. There are always great risks involved. If not, 99% of the population here would cross to the West. But if we reach this side with our tunnel according to the lay-out, it's just a matter of fifteen, twenty minutes and you all will be safe and cared for. As soon as we know the date and hour, you'll get a message with the pass-word and other instructions. I don't know whether it will be me or someone else who brings the message. If it is not me, it will be a person using the name "Kram", the opposite of my name. Then you can be sure that he's all right. The message will come unexpectedly and don't bother to take much clothing if you go. Just some small personal belongings. Take no more than a normal shopping bag can carry. Everything clear? Any questions "

Mr. and Mrs. Muller did not speak right away. They were stunned. They had never expected such news. To go to the West . . . . Already within one or two weeks . . . To be with their children in West Berlin before Christmas and to stay with them for good . . . .

"It hardly seems possible, Mrs. Muller said slowly.

"Do you dare to go and take the risk?" her husband asked her.

Mrs. Muller nodded thoughtfully. "Yes, I do. When I'm convinced that this is the right thing to do, I'm not afraid. God will take care of us," she said slowly.

"And you are convinced that it is the right thing to do, Anne?"

"I don't know yet . . . I have to think about it . . . It comes so suddenly . . ."

"Yes, we need time to consider this, Mark," Mr. Muller said. "We are old. Life is not as precious to us anymore as it is to young people. But of course we still have our desires, our hopes . . . . The greatest is to live again in freedom. And then there's the child. There will come a time when my wife and I won't be living anymore. We have to keep that in mind. What will happen to Hugo then? In the West Walter and Gertrude would take care of him, I'm sure of that. And of course

(Continued on page 15)

# JUDAISM THE MESSIANIC HOPE

## Chanukah

When we are all gathered together for a Christmas celebration in our warm and cosy homes, forgetting the rush of our daily tasks, resting from our often so nerve-wrecking jobs, happy with the results of our midseason examinations. we cannot but be thankful for what God has given to us in this time of the year.

As the true Christian family is centered around their Savior Jesus Christ, so the Jewish family is centered around the Law of Moses. "Is it wrong then for a Jewish family to put Moses and his law in the centre of their lives?" we may ask and we may answer that it is.... true that the Jewish family contemplates and studies Moses' law which is God's law. Moses wrote: And these words, which I commend thee (Israel) this day shall be in thine heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children and thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest by the way and when thou liest down and when thou risest up. And thou shalt BIND THEM FOR A SIGN UPON THINE HAND, and they shall be as FRONTLETS BETWEEN THINE EYES. And thou shalt WRITE THEM UPON THE POST OF THY HOUSE AND ON THY GATES (Deut. 6:5-9). These words are for sure worthy of a good consideration and our contemplation in our daily lives.

Well, the Rabbis in former days thought the same way, with the result that the fruits of their thinking were put to book, called the Mishnah, a commentary of the Bible. These rabbis came to the conclusion that the above fat printed quotations have to be taken literally and also how to bind them and what to post. The Jewish code law which is taken from the Talmud, in turn a commentary on the Mishnah, is called: the Shulchan Aruch, the "prepared table". It states in book 1, chapter 11, art. 1 this: (read this carefully please) It is a divine command to affix a mezuzah to every door of the house, even if one has many rooms and in every room there are many doors for ingress and egress (coming in and going out) one must affix a mezuzah to each one of the doors.... So a Jewish house is not complete without a mezuzah and a feast cannot be celebrated in good order when these "mezuzah's" are missing. A mezuzah is a little box which contains verses from Deut. 6 and 11 and has a little glass door which shows the word "shadday", the Almighty, on the outside of the rolled up piece of parchment on which these verses are written. So to say, the Almighty looks from every doorpost of the house and when a Jew prays, he has tied to his head a little box and also one on his left arm containing also verses of the Bible and are thus in agreement with this "divine command".

We cannot say that our Jewish neighbors are fooling around with God's Word since they believe that they are fulfilling God's law is doing so. Let us not laugh about these practices as they mean so much to them. But, as we contemplate the Jewish family in the expectation of their Messiah, we may ask ourselves why so many things crept in Jewish customs that are pure superstitions.

Let us forget the superstitious practices today and see them in their happy season as we are happy now in this Christmas season and let us consider their hope in the Messiah. The Chanukah festival is celebrated in this time of the year, a dedication feast of the temple which is called the Festival of Lights, because so many Chanukah candles are lit during these days. The Jewish people is a people of much hope. Hope for what? Liberation? The Messiah? Restoration of a leading role among the nations? For: out of Zion the law will go forth", and this conveys the idea that Israel will rule the world some day according to their history writers and their hopes. And consequently, if geographic and fleshly Israel will rule the world some day, there must be a leader Who is able to do this gigantic task and with the help of his people, the Jews.

Rabbi Morris Silverman in explaining Jer. 46:28. "Fear thou not, o Jacob my servant, saith the Lord God, for I am with thee; for I will make a full end of all the nations whither I have driven thee: but I will not make a full end of thee, but correct thee in measure . . ." writes in his supplementary reading in the Sabbath and festival prayerbook this: "But a time will come — perhaps not very far off — when the second half of Jewish history, the record of the two thousand years of the Jewish people's life after the Biblical period, will be accorded the same treatment". He tells in foregoing passages that millions of people have had instructions and inspirations for many centuries from the Bible. Then, he continues, "the thousand years' martyrdom of the Jewish people, its unbroken pilgrimage, its tragic fate, its teachers of religion . . . this whole epic will, in days to come, sink deep in memory of men . . . It is our firm conviction that the time is approaching in which the second half of Jewish history will be the noblest part of thinking humanity . . . Such a people . . . has the eye steady fixed on its future and which lives as it were on hope, is on that very account eternal — like hope".

The unspoken hope and desire for their leader and Messiah lies in so many hearts and in so many writings of the Jewish people. They hope for an age in which the Jews will be a blessing for mankind, for every nation and to all people. This age, in due time, is the age which the Jews are calling the Messianic age. In questioning a Jew about this age, he cannot give a clear and definite answer. Why not? Does the Jew not know, when and where the Messiah will come? Apparently not, although the scholars in Herods' time knew the place exactly, but today this knowledge seems to be extinct with the Jews.

How come, we may ask, is there no knowledge with people that are called God's people. A people that will have a leading role in the future so they say, and they do not know these things? Even Jesus was surprised and said to Nicodemus: "Art thou a teacher in Israel and knowest not these things?"

Shall we say to the Jews to look unto us, Christians, and you may learn from us who is the Messiah and what role he played in atonement for mankind? Do we pretend to have the knowledge of prophetic wisdom or explaining things from the past from Abraham unto Paul for instance? Shall we say to them that all their feasts are obsolete and not wanted by God but that they have to be baptized and partake in the holy communion to bring Christianity up to date and in unity?

O, let us not boast of our righteousness but humble ourselves and show them the Word of God which they, the Jews, neglected so long. There are even great Biblical scholars among them. Biblical in Jewish terms means, a wise man in the knowledge of Talmud and other commentaries of ancient Rabbis. Even if we know a little from the Word of God let us remember that we are saved by grace and not by and through our knowledge.

When the Jewish family goes to the Synagogue, father and sons on Friday night and the whole family on Saturday morning, then the home is prepared too and made ready for the Sabbath by mother. They go in hope for better times. They pray with a longing soul for liberation, unconscious of the fact that they are in bondage, unconscious that liberation may come at any time. Liberation from sin, liberation from their law which is impossible to fulfill.

Temple-times are past, the Messianic age has to come, while the Christian Christmas remains a mystery and a mockery to the Jews because their hearts are shut off from the light and who is able to open their hearts to accept Him Who was born in Bethlehem? Only our God is able to take the veil from their eyes. It does not matter how many missionaries labour in this field, how much money is poured in to give them free New Testaments, if we do not make intercession for them before the throne of God. Do we see the importance of prayer? Why do we pray for our sick father or our ailing mother, why do we pray for people behind the iron or bamboo curtain? Does God hear? Is He able to help? Has it effect and is it necessary?

If we say or read or write Psalm 116:12: What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?, then, we ask a question to God: "What shall I render unto Thee?" Well, prayer may be difficult sometimes for us but it is also easy if we do it with our whole heart; let us render our prayer to Him for peace, for school, church and for our ministers, and also for those who are despised so often, whose name is Israel and are called Jews.

Born in a stable, the greatest Son of David, Who died with criminals, reigns for ever; the Jewish Messiah. We celebrate His birthday, we rejoice in His appearance and in His redemptive work. If a Jewish boy is born today, the father says: A boy came into the world, blessing has come with him"! O, how true was this when the baby-boy Jesus was born. We do not say that blessing is come with Him, but we sing praises to Him and experience it in our own hearts and lives.

Do the Jews still expect a Messiah? Hear what Dr. Nathan Birnbaum says: "I believe that we (the Jews) do not like the way to ascend, while our zeal, the top, which is the Messiah, does not entice us. Our days must be dark while no beam of light of the "sun of the latter days" (he means here "the Messianic age" when it will be light of course) will shine upon it. Therefore I cannot be silent. I cannot see the severe decay of our sickness without the warning and without the demand but: Know to long for the Messiah". This Rabbi seems to know where the Light has to come from but seems to love the darkness better than the light. The ordinary Jew has to be told where to find his Messiah while the Jewish leaders through their study for rabbinical office know more about it but reject it in a hidden way.

May our Lord Jesus grant us courage and wisdom to deal with our Jewish neighbors adequately, giving account that unto us is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord.

**Mellegers.**

Toronto, Christmas 1964.

*Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year*

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## A VALUABLE IDEA

*One of our subscribers wrote us as follows:*

*"I have been thinking on the question: How can we have more impact upon our environment, especially in Presbyterian circles? I got the answer: JUST TO ASK OUR SUBSCRIBERS TO PASS ON THEIR PAPER, AFTER READING IT, TO A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER. Let them never throw it in a wastepaper basket. This way you can reach twice as many people and the thoughts can be spread through our country twice as fast. Rev. Paul A. McCarroll for instance, our Presbyterian minister (orthodox), reads the Christian-Courier with much interest."*

*Thank you, dear reader, for this unsolicited support.*

*The idea of the minister is excellent, but it does not exclude others, of course.* *Editor*


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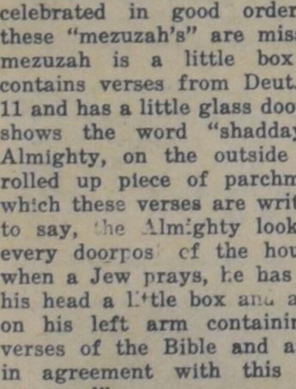
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